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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 549
EDITORIALS:
UPRISING IN CATALONIA 552
WHO SHOULD PAY TAXES? 552
RELIEF FOR FRANCO 553
WASHINGTON WEEKLY by Paul W. Ward 554
GENERAL FRANCO'S DEATH LIST by George Seldes 555
DON'T SELL OUT PROSPERITY by Jerry Voorhis and Maury Maverick 557
HOFFMAN OF NEW JERSEY by McAlister Coleman 559
HARVARD STARVES THE SOCIAL SCIENCES by Robert Keen Lamb 561
IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT by Morrie Ryskind 563
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 564
BROUN'S PAGE 565
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:
THE ACTORS AND THE CRITICS by Mary McCarthy 566
THE ANATOMY OF ACCOMMODATION by George Herzog 567
THE CALIPH'S TOWER by Maxwell Geismar 568
END OF A SAGA by Stanley Young 568
"A CHARTRES OF HIS OWN" by Eda Lou Walton 570
SOUTH TEXAS PRIMITIVE by Ben Belitt 571
DOG EAT DOG by Dorothy Brewster 572
DRAMA: MISS MCCARTHY AND THE CRITICS by Joseph Wood Krutch 573
RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 574

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The Shape of Things

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BY THE TIME THESE LINES APPEAR GEORGE VI will have become King of England in good standing, and another generation of royal respectability set properly on its way. But we shall always think of it as the Coronation of Stanley Baldwin. It is, so to speak, his crowning achievement—preceded by an uncrowning achievement that condemned Edward VIII to a normal and, we hope, happy private life, and put Mrs. Simpson and America in their places. That Stanley Baldwin should have been the key figure in all this is quite inevitable. By his very lack of the qualities which make men great—imagination, boldness, flexibility, and brilliance—he has achieved his place in English history along with many another mediocre man who also muddled through. His speech at the time of Edward's abdication was a remarkable expression of the provincial self-assurance which keeps the Empire going and rouses more volatile peoples to self-defeating frenzy. His appeal for labor peace on the eve of the coronation was cut from the same cloth. He begged "the handful of men with whom rests peace or war to give the best present to the country that could be given at this moment"—industrial peace; he was appealing mainly to miners who were refusing to join a company union and to London bus-drivers who contend that their work is so hard that seven and one-half hours should be called a day. He could stand pat through all the emotional stress and strain of the Simpson affair because a romantic attachment for an attractive American was quite outside his—and Mrs. Baldwin's—view of life. Having never driven a London bus, he could remind these British workmen of the contribution they were expected to make to the costly spectacle of the coronation.

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THERE ARE SIGNS, OF COURSE, THAT THE Baldwin line, like the British monarchy, is losing its prestige. The romantic château in France plays second fiddle to the spectacle in London only because the Duke of Windsor and the American woman are making a valiant fight to keep the press at bay. The London bus-drivers, as we go to press, remain unmoved by pleas for peace and the miners also are obdurate. Perhaps they have had more time than usual to study the figures in the budget of the royal family, in which £6,000 is set down as a separate allowance for Princess Elizabeth—to be increased to £25,000 when she becomes twenty-one; and the Spanish war has also had its

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effect on the working-class mind. In other quarters, however, normality prevails and will probably continue at least until Mr. Baldwin goes to a well-earned rest in the House of Lords. Behind the glittering façade of the coronation the world's diplomats away from home are engaging in a good old-fashioned spree of unofficial horse-trading, and, even more important, the representatives of the Empire are "cementing bonds" in more than the sentimental sense. Meanwhile Italy is indulging in one of those petulant gestures against the British above referred to. The coronation is being boycotted in the Italian press because Mussolini does not like the way Great Britain is treating his own attempts, first in Ethiopia and now in Spain, to copy the early British imperial model. So far the lack of British news in Rome has gone practically unnoticed in London.

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THE SIGNING OF THE WORLD SUGAR PACT by the representatives of twenty-two governments is a most significant step in the direction of international planning. No attempt is made to control sugar production directly except in Great Britain, but quotas are set for each of the exporting countries which are to be maintained for a five-year period. While the pact merely perpetuates the principles of the Chadbourne plan of 1931, the countries covered by it produce 90 per cent of the world's sugar, whereas the countries participating in the earlier agreement produced only 25 per cent. Moreover, the agreement contains a provision for a permanent international council which may make uniform changes in the quotas in accordance with shifts in market conditions. The first test of the new pact has already arisen in connection with the Louisiana cane-growers' demand that they be given a greatly enlarged quota in the sugar-control bill pending before Congress. Since this demand could only be met at the expense of Cuba, to grant it would leave that unhappy island with some 200,000 tons of excess sugar on its hands, more than 20 per cent of its quota under the new agreement. Incidentally, the Louisiana proposal would add about $350,000,000 to the annual sugar bill of the American consumer.

*

WITH AN EFFICIENCY WHICH MUST HAVE aroused Hitler's envy, the unconstitutional National Security Tribunal of Brazil has convicted Luiz Carlos Prestes and Harry Ewart of the "crime" of seeking to perpetuate constitutional government in that country. Prestes, the leader of the popular democratic movement against the Vargas dictatorship, was sentenced to sixteen years and eight months in prison, and Ewart, a German anti-Nazi exile, received a sentence of thirteen years. The "trials" were conducted in secret, without even the presence of the defendants, in a room heavily guarded by police armed with machine-guns and tear gas. The lawyer assigned to defend Prestes made a public statement before the trial asserting his client's guilt, while the presiding judge declared: "It is not necessary, in order to condemn the extremists, to submit proofs. The judges will decide according to their own opinions." David Levinson, an American attorney who was retained by friends of Prestes to handle his case, was not allowed to see the prisoner and was finally driven out of Brazil lest he expose the unconstitutional practices of the special tribunal. Although no appeal from decisions of the National Security Tribunal is permitted under the law which Vargas pushed through the Brazilian legislature, it is not too late to make the Brazilian government acquainted with the judgment of progressive opinion throughout the world.

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NO ONE CAN HAVE READ WITHOUT EMOTION the story of the loss of the Hindenburg, especially as it was illustrated by the most extraordinary photographs ever taken of a major calamity—it was as if the exploding airship waited to pose for the cameras ready on the ground. That this happened to a German dirigible makes it all the more regrettable, for German efforts in lighter-than-air navigation have deserved the best of results—and apparently had achieved them in many successful crossings of both the South and North Atlantic. But the risk will always be there, even if hereafter airships use only the helium that costs so much and is practically an American monopoly. For the Los Angeles broke in two without a trace of fire, and the R-101 came to its horrible end by striking a hill, after which it went up in flames. That the Hindenburg's disaster occurred when the hard voyage was over and the ship apparently safe added profoundly to the tragedy, especially as relatives of those who died, on hand to welcome, witnessed the horror they were powerless to ward off. Whether transoceanic navigation of this kind can be made to pay hereafter is open to grave question. But one thing this disaster should prevent—the voting of any more money for dirigibles for our navy. The time for that has gone.

*

AMID EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, APPLE CORES, old bills, and the sound of senatorial snores, the New York legislature drew to a close as the sun was rising last Sunday morning. True to his self-imposed tradition of enlivening the last hours by making a spectacle of himself, Senator McNaboe denounced the state campaign against syphilis on the ground that "the innocence of little children" would be corrupted by the use of the word—evidently a worse fate than having their health corrupted by the disease itself. In the lower house Republican Assemblyman Hamilton attacked the bill to establish a state labor-relations board. His colleagues on both sides of the aisle gave him a five-minute ovation for what the Speaker described as "the most brilliant speech I have ever heard," and then promptly voted for the bill 100 to 41. These examples are some indication of the sincere and serious manner in which our legislators go about the business of government. As for the record of the four months' session, it was only under unwearying pressure from the Governor that the legislature passed his social-security and relief programs and the minimum-wage law for women and children. To restore their sense

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of independence the legislators then killed the child-labor amendment and the teachers'-oath repeal and passed the noxious Berg election bills, which would now be law but for the Governor's veto.

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FRANCO HAS LEARNED MANY THINGS FROM his Fascist mentors, but he has not yet learned to lie on the grand scale to which Mussolini and Hitler have accustomed us. Franco is still a stumbling, unconvincing liar. When the German airmen bombed Guernica, killed 800 Basque Catholic civilians, and burned a large part of the city, the whole non-Fascist world reacted against the atrocity. Franco's spokesman accordingly announced that Guernica could not have been bombed because on that day it rained and no rebel planes took the air; the destruction had been caused by ravaging Basque Anarchists. But evidence accumulated. The Fascists then said that Guernica had, to be sure, been bombed for a few hours but that no incendiary bombs were used. Yet even correspondents who visited Guernica under the auspices of Franco's press department reported the effects of incendiary bombs. Finally Ambassador von Ribbentrop gave the show away by insisting before the Non-Intervention Committee—in answer to protests against the horror—that unfortified cities must occasionally be bombed. But the German press still denies that Guernica was attacked from the air. It acts in accordance with the idea enunciated by Hitler in "Mein Kampf" as a "very correct principle" that "the broad masses of a nation . . . become the victim of a big lie much more easily than of a small one because they themselves occasionally lie in small matters but would be too ashamed to tell big lies." The trouble is that to carry out such a rule, one must have an expert lie-coordinator like Goebbels. That is now one of Franco's greatest needs.

*

HARVARD AND COLUMBIA HAVE NOW BOTH explicitly declined the invitation to send delegates to the 200th anniversary celebration of Göttingen University. Internal pressure undoubtedly forced them to take this welcome stand. Harvard, in particular, tried desperately to sidestep the issue, and we have it on excellent authority that it refused only after President Conant was overruled by the Harvard Corporation. The letter to Göttingen was signed by Jerome D. Greene, secretary of the corporation, and not by Conant. But neither in this letter nor in Columbia's message to Göttingen did the American universities openly state the reason for their refusal. President Butler implied it when he spoke of the "freedom of thought" and "absence of race and religious prejudice and persecution" of the "old Germany" and hoped for their return. Harvard rested with a vague reference to "these troubled times." The German public will doubtless read only the praise of Göttingen's past and the hopes for its future contained in the letters. But the American public will note progress. For it was just a year ago that both Harvard and Columbia sent representatives to the Heidelberg celebration.

THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR LEAGUE Association resemble the lilies of the field in that they toil not neither do they spin. But it has become fashionable to justify one's existence—especially if it is upper-middle-class, female, and a bit boring—and the woods are full of smartly dressed young women tracking sociological game. It was inevitable, of course, that they should encounter Issues, and the Junior Leaguers are even now about to consider, in convention assembled, how to dispose of the thorny issue of birth control. Here is one field in which they might really be useful. By helping to spread the knowledge and encourage the use of birth control they might lighten the burden of women less fortunate than themselves. Instead, there is a strong possibility that the convention will amend the by-laws so as to prevent individual leagues from taking part in any community enterprise pertaining to birth control, though, presumably, members may continue to do their bit as individuals. The amendment was suggested out of deference to the Roman Catholic members of the association. There is no suggestion, of course, that the members of the Junior League will deny themselves the privilege of limiting their families. That would cut down the time they would have to spend going to meetings to vote on amendments forbidding their organization to promote the intelligent use of birth control by those to whom it might mean economic and physical health!

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS OFFICIALLY asked Congress to make permanent the Civilian Conservation Corps with a personnel of 300,000 young men and war veterans, 10,000 Indians, and 5,000 youths in our territorial and insular possessions. It should be permanent—at least for the duration of unemployment—for it is indubitably one of the best of the relief agencies set up under the New Deal. But we sincerely hope that Congress will not vote the authority asked without stipulating that the CCC be separated from the War Department. It belongs in the Department of the Interior. As we understand it, the army was called in because of the needed haste in organization and because Congress thought that savings could be made by using regular-army and marine-corps officers not otherwise employed. But the bulk of the officers on duty at the camps now are reserve officers who, if they need jobs, could be given the same appointments under the Interior Department. Another important reason why the CCC should be taken from the army is that the army has deliberately sought to censor the reading matter sent to the camps, banning, for example, the publication called *Champion of Youth* because General A. J. Bowley believes that the publication has contained "propaganda intended to promote disloyalty." This has brought a vigorous protest from the publication in question, the American Youth Congress, the American Student Union, the Youth Protective Committee, and other organizations, and the Commissioner of Education has properly denounced another publication which editorially incited to violence against the editors of the *Champion of Youth*.

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Uprising in Catalonia

QUIET has been reestablished in Catalonia. Last week Anarchist irreconcilables supported by the P.O.U.M. staged a little civil war within the Spanish civil war by attacking the Loyalist government. Several hundred were killed and several hundred wounded in the fighting. The dissidents could not have done a better job in Franco's behalf had Hitler and Mussolini paid them.

A strong wing of the Anarchist movement cooperates with the Valencia government and is represented in the Caballero Popular Front Cabinet by four ministers. But a not-negligible fraction of the Anarchists has refused to cooperate. In Catalonia they had piled up huge armaments consisting not merely of rifles but of hand-grenades, machine-guns, cannons, and tanks. Under their influence Catalonia printed its own currency, expropriated large sums from the Bank of Spain, and ignored or interfered with the customs regulations of the federal government. The factories in Barcelona, many of them operated by autonomous workers' committees, have contributed little to the munitions supply. Agrarian collectivization in Catalonia has been forced by the Anarchists in many cases against the armed resistance of the peasants. Anarchist units on the front voted democratically on whether they would obey orders and fight. Frequently their decision was in the negative. Certain Anarchist regiments have become so demoralized that the government has been forced to withdraw them to the rear.

Ever since November, as the Valencia government's hand has grown stronger, it has more and more interfered with the acts of the intransigent Anarchist elements. Things came to a head in Catalonia. There the dissident Anarchists and the P.O.U.M.—including its Trotskyist wing—had created the utmost tension because of their efforts to force collectivization and because many arms shipments sent by Valencia to the Aragon front found their way into private supply depots in Barcelona. Valencia, accordingly, issued an order that all military equipment should either be forwarded to the front or surrendered. The two groups balked and took to the barricades.

The suppression of the rising was accomplished by force but also by an impressive appeal to the fighting workers by leaders of various left factions, including several Anarchist leaders in Barcelona. Juan Garcia Oliver, Anarchist Minister of Justice in the Valencia government, came to Barcelona and delivered a passionate radio address urging both sides to stop fighting each other and join in the common defense of the republic. The uprising has already had one wholesome effect. It has forced a new unity in Catalonia itself and has drawn that aggressively independent province more directly under the authority of the central government. Without the unity represented in the Popular Front, the Loyalists must lose. All degrees and forms of social control must be made subordinate to the successful defense of the republic. What good are farm collectives if Franco wins?

Who Should Pay Taxes?

EACH week that passes makes it increasingly clear that the federal budget cannot be balanced without a substantial increase in taxation. Despite talk of a 10 to 15 per cent horizontal cut in expenditures, not much is likely to achieved in the direction of economy. Many of the regular government departments are already understaffed and overburdened with work, and their activities could not be reduced without a serious loss to the country as a whole. The House showed that it was little disposed to curtail military expenditures when it passed the record $416,000,000 appropriation for the War Department without economizing by a single penny. If a cut is to be made in the budget estimates, it is almost certain to be in the field of relief. But even here the danger is not so much that the tories will succeed in reducing the amount below the $1,500,000,000 proposed by the President as that the economy agitation will prevent the increase which—as Congressmen Voorhis and Maverick point out elsewhere in this issue—is desperately needed.

Meanwhile, there are a number of bills, such as the Wagner housing bill, the farm-tenancy bill, and the appropriation for the Public Health Service, which ought not to be sidetracked. It is almost a foregone conclusion that government expenditures will run several hundred million dollars higher than the President's estimate, and tween half a billion and a billion above probable revenues. Sooner or later this gap will have to be closed by increased taxation; the only questions are when the action should be taken and what group should foot the bill.

While the primary aim of a tax is to raise money, the yield is not the only thing to be considered. Some of the most productive forms of taxation, such as the sales tax and the pay-roll levy, are undesirable because of their complexity or because they fall almost exclusively on the groups which are least able to bear the burden. Others, such as the excess-profits tax, may, if badly drafted, impede legitimate business activity or unduly discourage savings. Customs duties and excise taxes not only fall primarily on the masses but have the further fault of being easily concealed.

Income, inheritance, and gift levies, and the corporation tax are left us as the most promising sources of new revenue. Just how much additional money could be obtained from these sources without injury to the national economy is, of course, difficult to estimate. The limit of tax capacity depends not only on the manner in which the money is obtained but also on the way in which it is spent. If the tax money is utilized to supply the community with essential goods and services, the tax capacity will obviously be much higher than if the money is used on armaments or to curtail production, as under the AAA. Not much additional revenue can be derived from the income tax merely by increasing the surtax on high incomes. The American tax rates on incomes of over $100,000 are nearly as high as the British, and, as indicated in the recent Raskob investigation, so high that they encourage evasion. But on incomes between

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the broad middle brackets—from $4,000 to $75,000—the American rates tend to be much lower than those of other countries. The Twentieth Century Fund recently estimated that if the surtax on incomes in this range were stepped up to between 10 and 75 per cent it would be possible to increase revenues, on the basis of 1928 incomes, by nearly two and a half billion dollars. An additional sum, running up to nearly a billion dollars, could be obtained through an increase in the estate tax.

Although all the revenue that would conceivably be needed in peace time could be obtained from these two sources, many tax experts have also recommended a reduction in present income-tax exemptions on the ground that it is desirable to make a much larger section of the population "tax conscious." At present less than 5 per cent of our adult population pays income taxes. If the exemptions were reduced from $2,500 for married couples, $1,000 for single persons, and $400 for children to $1,000, $500, and $200 respectively, nearly half the adults in the country would be compelled to share in this levy. Naturally this would lead to a substantial increase in revenues, though it would be partially offset by a tremendous increase in the cost of collection.

Faced with a choice between a reduction in the income-tax exemption and any of the regressive taxes enumerated above, we should of course favor the change in the income levy. But since $2,500 is close to the minimum on which it is possible to support a family in comfort and decency, a reduction in the exemption seems socially unjustifiable except, possibly, in a national emergency. It is not necessary for revenue purposes. In 1929 no less than half the national income went to the 12½ per cent of the population earning $4,000 or more. A large proportion of the government's expenditures are devoted either to maintaining a system under which such incomes are possible, or to an even more direct protection of property. Is there any sound reason why well-to-do Americans should not be willing to pay at least as much for the privilege of living in this country as Britishers do for living in theirs?

Relief for Franco

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, editor of the Catholic magazine the *Commonweal,* chose an appropriate moment to issue a Spanish Relief Number, in which he charged that the American press had been unfair to the rebels. The smoking ruins of Guernica had scarcely cooled; the British and French governments were preparing to evacuate from Bilbao—against the protests of Franco—thousands of Spanish Catholic women and children to save them from the fate that befell the innocents of the "sacred city." And now Mr. Williams has joined forces with the American Committee for Spanish Relief in what appears to be a new drive to arouse sympathy for the rebel cause. Mr. Williams has become general secretary of this committee, whose name is suspiciously similar to that of the North American Committee and whose treasurer is Ogden H. Hammond, fascist sympathizer and former Ambassador to Spain. Together with the *Commonweal* and the Calvert Associates, this committee is sponsoring a meeting to be held at Madison Square Garden at which "the truth about Spain" (including Guernica?) will be revealed and a drive begun for $500,000 for "non-partisan," "non-political" relief in insurgent territory.

Since Mr. Williams's Open Letter to Leaders of the American Press seems to presage an intensive pro-Franco campaign in this country, the main thesis of his attack upon the regime which the United States still recognizes as the legally constituted government of Spain is worth examining. Mr. Williams obviously gagged at supporting unreservedly Franco and fascism. He must needs find a formula—and it is the same old formula. Franco's rebellion, he says, broke out just ahead of the "mass-massacre revolution carefully planned by the reds." His authority? "The Salamanca government claims to possess evidence of this plot. . . . This evidence has satisfied many careful European correspondents, military men, and observers who visited Salamanca. . . ." No names are given. "It is confirmed by an American witness of unimpeachable experience and integrity as a journalist, whom I hold in reserve." Surely the only reason for holding such a witness in reserve at such a time on such an issue is that his name might turn out to be William P. Carney.

"Perhaps," admits Mr. Williams, "this evidence is not conclusive. Possibly it may be faked. . . . We can remember Mr. Hearst's fake Mexican 'documents' . . . and the Zinoviev letter." He does not mention the Reichstag fire. But Mr. Williams, far from being disturbed by his own doubts, calls upon the American press to prove that his thesis is not correct! Meanwhile he makes it clear that he does not intend to wait for the verdict. After struggling through heavy editorial seas he has dropped anchor in the harbor of the committee, whose treasurer has no qualms. "I, personally, as everybody knows," says Ogden Hammond, "am in favor of General Francisco Franco."

That is just the trouble with the American Committee, which professes to be non-partisan. Mr. Hammond, according to his own admission, has been raising money for Franco. Basil Harris, its chairman, was a sponsor of the Hilaire Belloc meeting at Carnegie Hall at which $5,000 was raised for Franco. Another associate is former Spanish Ambassador Cárdenas, who has been accused by Senator Nye of participating in pro-fascist espionage in the United States.

On another page of this issue an experienced journalist whose name we do not "hold in reserve" pretty well demonstrates that it is Franco who is planning—and carrying out—"mass massacre" of Spaniards. There can be no objection to truly non-partisan projects for the relief of noncombatants in both loyalist and insurgent territory. The American Friends' Service Committee is sponsoring such a project and is thoroughly trustworthy. But any "non-partisan," "non-political" campaign that is coupled with such pro-Franco propaganda as Mr. Williams and Mr. Hammond are dispensing should be denied support by every American worthy of the name.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, May 9

DID you know that your government, which through the Post Office Department, the Food and Drug Administration, and the SEC attempts to keep you out of the clutches of various types of knaves and thieves, also maintains an agency engaged in standardizing and licensing fraud? Let me introduce the Federal Trade Commission and then go on to tell you something of what has become of this agency which Woodrow Wilson wished upon the nation in 1914.

The particular section of the FTC that is engaged in standardizing and licensing fraud is its Special Board of Investigation, established in 1929. The board is made up of three commission attorneys under the direction of E. J. Adams; Ewin L. Davis, a Roosevelt appointee and former Democratic Congressman from Tennessee, is the commissioner who has supervision of its operations. His colleagues on the commission are concerned with other matters. The present chairman, William A. Ayres, a Roosevelt appointee and former Democratic Congressman from Kansas, has charge of the commission's administrative division. Charles H. March, a Minnesota lawyer and Republican politician appointed to the commission by Coolidge, has charge of the chief examiner's division. Garland S. Ferguson, Jr., a North Carolina lawyer and Democrat appointed by Coolidge and reappointed by Roosevelt, has charge of the chief trial examiner's division and the trade-practice agreements section. Robert E. Freer, a Cincinnati lawyer and Republican formerly with the Interstate Commerce Commission and later with the Federal Coordinator of Transportation, has charge of the economic division. A Roosevelt appointee, he appears to be the only commissioner of genuine competence. Davis, one of the least competent, has charge not only of the Special Board of Investigation but also of another key unit, the chief counsel's division.

It is fair to skip over all the other divisions and concentrate attention on the Special Board of Investigation. The spirit of the whole commission is admirably illustrated in the operations of the Special Board, and it is the nerve center of the commission's fight to see that any new food-and-drug legislation contains a provision reserving control of advertising to the commission and keeping it away from the Food and Drug Administration.

The help the FTC has extended to flimflam artists is of two sorts—formal and informal. The informal type comprises the maintenance of a kind of tipster service for the latter-day medicine men. Other federal agencies, proceeding against these quacks, find when they come to grips with them that their own and the public's foes have been forewarned and prepared for the combat. The quacks show a strange familiarity with the details of the case which the government agency has built up against them, and are prepared to obfuscate, if not meet, each point in it. Then, there are the testimonials. In an astonishing number of cases nostrum makers pluck out of their files and slap down before the examiners testimonials received from one or more of the men to whom the FTC has intrusted the job of checking up on just such "cures."

The prize case, it seems to me, is the one involving Daggett and Ramsdell's cold cream. This unguent is supposed to contain colloidal gold, and this, in turn, is supposed to make it superior to any other cold cream. You might surmise that claims of that sort would interest the Special Board of Investigation. They did, but not in the way you'd expect. On the morning of May 28, 1936, virtually all the top chemists and physiologists in the government departments were invited to a meeting sponsored by the Special Board of Investigation, there to hear a Dr. F. S. Macy lecture on colloidal chemistry. It turned out to be a lecture on the wonderful properties of colloidal gold when used in face creams. I am assured by some of the scientists who attended that Dr. Macy was able to tell them a great many things about colloidal chemistry that they did not know—and do not know today. It seems, according to a transcript of Dr. Macy's address, that colloidal gold has a remarkable relationship to feminine beauty; its molecules burrow right down into the skin and dig and dig. They dig up all the dirt under the skin and deposit it on the surface where it can be wiped right off. But before hoisting a bit of dirt up to the epidermis they carefully wipe all the little germs off it. Dr. Macy didn't put it quite that way, of course; he said colloidal gold had no "germicidal" effect. He was quite careful about it, too. If it had a germicidal effect, or claimed to have, the cold creams containing it might be subject to regulation by the Food and Drug Administration. Dr. Macy's clients preferred to stay with their hosts, the Special Board of Investigation, whose chief, Mr. Adams, gave the doctor an effusive introduction in the course of which he not only said that Dr. Macy "is reported to be better acquainted with the subject of colloids in medicine than anyone else in this country," but that Dr. Macy had "anticipated the discovery of insulin by about three years." The Mr. Adams who uttered these phrases is the gent, dear public, whom the FTC has placed in charge of passing on the scientific claims of nostrum makers.

The formal type of aid given to quacks is no less interesting, for it is in this branch of its work that the commission gets right down to the business of licensing fraud. The feat is performed by summoning the manufacturer of some nostrum before the Special Board of Investigation, letting his witch doctors pour into the ears of the examiners a flood of mumbo-jumbo in justification of his

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advertising claims, and then entering into what is called a stipulation but in reality is license for the quack to go on duping the public. In these stipulations the advertiser in most cases does not promise to cease claiming that his bread pills will cure stomach ulcers; he merely promises to be more careful, more subtly insinuating, in the way he words his claims. The FTC, in turn, suggests the words and phrases he thereafter may use without fear of prosecution. And should the gentleman at some later date be dragged into court on a fraud charge, he has ready to hand a potent defense in this stipulation.

When the Post Office Department's fraud division a few years ago moved against Vreeland's Hair Herbs, which represented itself as a cure for baldness, it found the manufacturer equipped with one of these FTC stipulations which permitted him to go on making his claims if he took care to insert a note that his product worked if the hair roots were not dead. Last month the FTC issued to H. Will Elders a permit to go on representing his "Filled Prescription for Women" as a treatment for sterility provided that he limited his representations to "cases of sterility due to functional weaknesses." Others have been licensed to advertise cures for rheumatism due to "uric acid" and cures for stomach ulcers due to "hyperacidity."

It is important to note that the existence of these stipulations hampers the other federal agencies. The Post Office Department's very efficient and conscientious fraud-order division often encounters difficulties in obtaining copies of FTC stipulations involving shysters against whom it is proceeding. Mr. Adams and his colleagues take the position that these stipulations are secret arrangements between the FTC and the permit recipients. Their stand is the more amazing because of the fact that their right to issue these stipulations is far from unquestionable; in fact it actually has been questioned by the Supreme Court in a decision written by Justice Sutherland and handed down against the FTC in May, 1931. This was a case in which the makers of Marmola tablets, a reducing compound, after being driven out of the mail-order business by the Post Office, began under the name of the Raladam Company to sell the same tablets through retail stores aided by national advertising. The FTC entered the picture at this point and went after the Raladam Company, seeking to censor its advertising not on the ground that its claims were a fraud upon the consumer but on the ground that they represented unfair competition with other nostrum manufacturers operating in interstate commerce. Justice Sutherland, denying the FTC jurisdiction, opined that Congress never had intended to set up the FTC for the purpose of "preserving the business of one knave from the unfair competition of another."

General Franco's Death List

BY GEORGE SELDES

Madrid, by mail, uncensored

TEN days after he started his rebellion General Francisco Franco told a representative of the London *News Chronicle* that he would shoot every other Spaniard if necessary in order to attain his goal. At the time of the massacre of the workmen of Badajoz, Lieutenant Colonel Yague gave a statement to the official German press bureau in which he said: "The reason we are progressing so slowly with the conquest of Spain is that we have to clean out the red elements." Over the official Seville radio, General Queipo de Llano made the following declarations during August, 1936:

> *August 12.* The Marxists are raging beasts; we, however, are gentlemen [*caballeros*].
>
> *August 18.* I wish to announce that I have taken as hostages a large number of relatives of the Madrid criminals, who will be held responsible with their lives for our friends in the capital.
>
> *August 19.* We will continue our work until the end, until there is not a Marxist left in Spain.

American journalists who have returned from Franco's territory say that the Fascists actually intend to murder all those labor elements whom they call Marxist. By this definition at least 2,000,000 Spaniards are eligible for death at Franco's hands.

Sensational as these statements appear, they cannot be dismissed as propaganda designed to weaken the morale of the government and of the unions which support it. Instead, the record of Franco's troops in every city and village they have taken, from Badajoz to Malaga, bears out the threats. The capture of every town has been followed by the slaughter of the intelligent workers as distinguished from the unorganized and illiterate peasants.

The deliberate killing in 1934 of 5,000 Asturian miners by the same generals now fighting the working people of Spain turns out to have been a dress rehearsal for a campaign which has for one of its objectives the elimination of one whole stratum of society. Of the 1,000,000 men estimated to have given their lives in the present civil war, 500,000 are said to have been victims of massacre. No one will ever know how many persons were killed in the first days of the uprising. But it is a fact that the government has been on the defensive, that it has not moved into new territories, and that therefore it cannot be accused of such atrocities as the Fascists have committed all along their march. The government, it is true, has had to fight Fascists at home. An American journalist in Valencia claims to have seen the execution of several batches of Fascists. But I know from actual experience that there are Fascists actively working for Franco in

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Madrid and in Valencia—some of them are foreign journalists—who are entitled by all the rules of espionage and treason in war time to face a firing squad. The government has fought active Fascist enemies within its ranks. It does not arrest, try, and execute inactive pro-Fascists. On the other hand I have absolute proof that the Fascists have shot at sight persons who wore workingmen's overalls, and have condemned men to death for no other reason than membership in a labor union.

Ever since the massacre of Badajoz all labor-union members as well as leaders, in fact all persons who by word or deed have ever supported the republic, have left any town or city before the enemy captured it; nevertheless there are official records from Franco's side of mass arrests and executions of those left behind. The reason a British warship put into Malaga was not to felicitate the Italians who had captured the seaport, as the pro-Fascist British press reported, but to set up a moral barrier against a repetition of the usual massacre of workingmen by Franco's troops.

Three days before the fall of Malaga, Cecil Murray, son of Professor Gilbert Murray, noted scholar and leading member of the British Friends of Spanish Democracy, returned from the seaport with alarming reports. He was sure the Fascists would enter and murder civilians as well as thousands of militiamen and trade-union and syndicate members. However, he had been assured by British consular officials that a British warship would be on hand for its moral effect, and that British marines would be landed if necessary to prevent the massacre.

The government forces were able to withdraw from Malaga—only 200 militiamen were trapped—and as the world knows, almost the entire able-bodied population took to the road rather than face Franco's terror. The bombing of this unarmed procession of refugees by Italian airplanes—they were also shelled by rebel and Italian warships—is another proved atrocity whose full horror cannot be described. But it is a fact that every labor leader, everyone active in any union as well as everyone in uniform, knew he would be murdered and therefore fled. Those left behind were women, children, old men, and a minority of the population which had no political affiliations and therefore no fear of being arrested by Franco. In addition there was, of course, the secret pro-Fascist group, including the leading American and British citizens, whose financial interests had been injured by the nationalization of property. The next day reports from the rebel side mentioned between 5,000 and 8,000 as the number of persons arrested and held for trial for "treason." British journalists believe that these thousands would have been executed at once if the British warships had not appeared in the harbor.

Franco's readiness to kill 2,000,000 persons if necessary to make Spain safe for fascism was quite visible in every town on the way to Malaga. The following reports come from journalists on the Franco side:

Marbella was taken by Italian infantry supported by two ships, the rebel España and the Italian "volunteer" Giovanni di Varazzano. The brave warships shelled the defenseless civilians. The government troops, 4,000 men and boys, many without any training, retired at nightfall, and many thousand Italian troops under Italian officers, plus the Phalangistas, or the original Spanish Fascist legion of the days before the war, rode into town in trucks. That night the work of "restoring Spain to the Spaniards," the Franco-Moorish slogan, began in the streets of Marbella and was witnessed by those journalists on Franco's side who were able to make their way into the town ahead of the official journalistic caravan.

The Phalangistas divided into squads and went from house to house in every street. They knocked on doors and demanded a voluntary gift of 1,000 pesetas for the glory of the "national" arms. Their object in asking was twofold: the gift would not only help the war chest but prove that the donor was rich and therefore a likely Fascist. "Gifts" of 500 pesetas were accepted, but with bad humor, and those who gave even 300 or 400 pesetas were not arrested. But those who could not give money, those who honestly pleaded poverty, men and women alike, were immediately denounced as "Marxists," segregated, thrown violently into trucks, and taken away. There is no clear proof as yet that these 900 workingmen and women of Marbella have been murdered. But they have disappeared, "and will never be seen or heard of again," according to a journalist who was there.

The next morning the Fascists found that some 200 republican militiamen—volunteers who had been civilians only a few weeks before—had been cut off from the main body. They had been fighting twenty hours, were exhausted and surrounded but still fighting when the Fascists told them their lives would be spared and they would be treated as prisoners of war if they stopped. They surrendered on the understanding that they would be delivered to the headquarters of the Italian motorized column at Antequera.

The Italian soldiers, it must be stated, treated the 200 prisoners decently. They gave them bread and cigarettes; they even bound the wounds of many and told them they were brave opponents. Shortly afterward, two officers, a Spanish Fascist and an Italian Fascist, inspected the prisoners. They then went to the Italian command and asked that the militiamen be surrendered to them because they were not prisoners of war. "They are not soldiers. They are not dressed in uniform." (Of the million men who have volunteered for the Spanish Republic, of the tens of thousands who are in the trenches, not one whom I have seen or heard of has a complete uniform. The reader must not forget that Franco took nine-tenths of the army with him, that it is the people who compose the republican army, and that the people wear their working clothes.) The Italian command refused to deliver the prisoners. The Spanish rebel officer left in a rage, then returned with official documents with purple hand-stamps, which the Italians could not refuse to honor.

The journalists were not permitted entrance to the "trial." The 200 militiamen were accused of being "civilian spies" and ordered shot. The trial lasted from 8:10 a. m. to 8:20. The journalists heard the machine-gun shooting begin at exactly 8:20. Two guns were used. At 8:24 there was silence. The 200 soldiers were dead. Does

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the reader consider this an atrocity or an act of war?

The number of workmen massacred by the Fascists in the first days of the rebellion is estimated at 50,000. Again I quote no pro-government reports, but pro-rebel journalists or journals. Thus Wormser and Maurel of the pro-Franco Paris *Soir*, who were in Seville on July 20, declare that the order was given to "clean up the workers' section with hand grenades and knives. . . . By order of General Queipo de Llano all houses in the workmen's sections of Triana had to keep open doors and windows, through which the men were dragged to prison. The next morning 150 were shot; the third day a similar hecatomb. . . ."

In Granada a bridge expert connected with the New York *Herald Tribune* reported the systematic execution of workingmen. The total killed there is now placed at 5,000 in a report of the Madrid Law College, whose president is Eduardo Ortega y Gasset. Gerald Grosvenor reported from Majorca to the London *News Chronicle* that the Italian and Spanish Fascist officers began the reign of terror there by executing 1,500 workingmen.

The list can be continued until the number of dead runs into the hundreds of thousands. Even if exaggerations and false reports are taken into consideration, two things are evident: (1) the Fascists deliberately murder all labor-union men and cover their atrocities by appealing to the Christian world to sanction their action against "reds"; (2) Franco is well started on his campaign to slaughter the 2,000,000.

Don't Sell Out Prosperity

BY JERRY VOORHIS AND MAURY MAVERICK

Washington, D. C., May 4

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message asking that relief be cut to a billion and a half broke like a thunderclap over Congress. In comparison with the preceding year's outlay on WPA, PWA, and Resettlement, it meant a drastic cut.

Immediately it set the birds of spending flying high and low. A group of Congressmen sometimes referred to as the "liberal bloc" said the amount should be two and a half billion, since there are still over eight million unemployed. This figure, on the basis of past expenditures, seems about right. Other suggestions went as high as four billion dollars. But many persons said the President wanted far too much. Some of the low fliers said a half-billion more should be lopped off, leaving a billion. Some even said relief should be eliminated altogether. At any rate, the economy drums are beating and roaring, and the cut-to-the-bone boys are admittedly way out in front.

So what? If an armistice were declared and the thing discussed calmly, everyone would have to admit that nobody knows with any great accuracy what amount ought to be appropriated. But there is no armistice; and the economy boys, if you ask them, say, "If the money gives out, we can get a deficiency appropriation." Shut your eyes, and wait and see.

But why not look reality in the face for once? There is only one sensible course. There should be a permanent department of government—call it Social Welfare or Government Works, or what you will, just so it's *permanent*—that would function as a national building agency. There should also be a comprehensive unemployment survey, and not just one, but a system that would provide a running record day by day. Until we have such a system we are boxing in the dark with the ghost of unemployment.

We know that several million of the persons now unemployed will remain unemployed for years to come—barring, of course, some fundamental change in our economic system. Hence, whatever Congress does with regard to the unemployed is going to determine the permanent lot in life of several million families. Even viewing the problem as a temporary one, if the present plan of reduction goes through, the amount appropriated will still be entirely insufficient. The WPA has done a good job in meeting an emergency situation, but for the long run, for the permanent policies of the future, we have done practically nothing at all. For that we need a faith, a philosophy, and definite information.

Everybody should know that if America increased by 10 per cent its available fertile soils, the number of its decent habitable homes, the quantity of its preserved food, the capacity of its power plants to develop electric energy, the acreage of its forests, the effectiveness of its educational and cultural facilities—everybody should know that if this happened America would be richer by approximately 10 per cent than it was before. But some of us still have the ridiculous idea that we shall go broke by increasing the national wealth, or by hiring people to build up the national wealth.

We know that no nation on earth has ever maintained itself as a strong and vigorous people if it condemned any considerable number of its people to become an outcast group. Yet we are in danger of doing this very thing today. And we know also that no modern nation has escaped the necessity of facing in some way—honest or dishonest—the problem of its unemployed. Japan has dealt with it by cutting wages to the point where it could undersell the world. Britain has adopted a general dole. Hitler has put his unemployed into compulsory work camps where they get no wages at all. Mussolini has carried on two wars to prevent people from discovering they were unemployed. Russia has gone Communist—or something. In America we have got to decide now whether we are going to face this problem and solve it or

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whether we are just going to wish the unemployed had gone back to work—and bring on another depression by cutting off their buying power.

A constructive approach to this problem assumes that the nation will require that the work done by the unemployed on a government program shall be of such character as to yield a dollar's value for every dollar spent. We need, in other words, to knock in the head the idea that the rest of the nation is supporting the unemployed, and to arrange the program so that the unemployed will be clearly supporting themselves and adding to the sum total of national well-being.

We must face, in this picture, the problem of the very young and of those over forty-five. Men over forty-five must be given the opportunity to earn a living and not thrown on the human junk pile. Also, the requirements that one must be "on relief" in order to get work on government projects must be eliminated altogether. It has destroyed morale and prevented the hiring of many of the best workmen among the unemployed, those who, though out of jobs, have managed to stay off relief.

Necessary work should be done. Flood control. Our soils; they are washing and blowing away. Our homes; we need new homes by the tens of thousands, by the hundreds of thousands. And since the TVA has opened our eyes to what cheap electricity will do in raising the standard of living of the people, let us have more TVA's. We need to take surplus crops from our farmers and process them, so that we can preserve the health of the children, at least, of families on relief. We need to plant trees to preserve our watersheds. We need many thousand more school teachers in our schools—not away from them—and better school buildings. And these are jobs that private industry cannot do. We must conceive it as a national duty to guarantee the unemployed the right to work and earn a living; and as a national right to use the labor and the capacities of the unemployed in accomplishing necessary national tasks.

People say, "Feed 'em, it's cheaper." But the answer is that all the permanently necessary things can be accomplished by able-bodied men doing self-respecting work. And as for "feedin' 'em," that is about as sensible as if a rich farmer had his workers lie around and do nothing at half-wages instead of having them make a crop for him at full wages.

As we have said, there should be a permanent department of the government to handle the situation. All public works should be cleared through this department. The public-works program should be run like any other business. People should be hired who can do the job well—and strictly on condition that there is no private job available for them. The program should, of course, be expanded only to the extent that it puts to work the people that private industry can't use. When private industry actually begins to hire them, government work should be cut down. Moreover, men and women should be able to leave government jobs to take temporary private employment without giving up their right to get back on a public-works job after the private work has ended.

Wages should be worked out on the basis of security of annual income. This is even more important than the payment of prevailing hourly wages. People's standards of living are determined not by what they make in an hour but by what they make in a year.

But now we hear the curbstone economist speaking: "Well, now, aren't you forgetting that the unemployed are a burden on society? Aren't you overlooking the fact that if one man does some work there will be that much less work for someone else to do? It's so expensive to put our unemployed people to work. Good Lord! we have to balance the budget. We have to save money. This thing can't go on. It's got to stop sometime!"

No, we haven't forgotten. And further, we believe America's greatest and most tragic mistake has been its fixed idea that just as soon as we get started producing and consuming a little more than we did before, it's got to stop. True, "we've had depressions before!" Indeed yes. It's our all-American bad habit.

In the past few years the government has borrowed much of its own credit from people who didn't have it. The banks' total assets amounted to seven billion dollars. The United States government "borrowed" eighteen billion from the banks by the sale of bonds! Worse yet, the bonds sold to effect this borrowing were tax-exempt. Then we took the credit which these banks advanced and hired unemployed people to add to the wealth of America. But before we got the wealth we had given away title to it to the people who bought the bonds, and we had even promised not to tax that amount of wealth at all!

Cockeyed? Of course. What we should have done was to extend the credit of our government directly so long as, and on condition that, those in charge of our public-works program faithfully saw to it that for every dollar of credit advanced, a dollar's worth of new wealth should come into existence, or a dollar's worth of new valuable service. And so long as such an expansion of credit was matched by a corresponding increase in production, no inflation could result.

The price America must pay for maintaining a system of free economic enterprise is the cost of security for those whom industry will not, and perhaps cannot, employ. We have introduced a bill asking for $2,520,000,000 for the next year and the employment of 3,000,000 people—about one out of every two and one-half or three of the unemployed. A revision of our taxes could, in our opinion, raise this amount and keep the budget in balance. We believe many projects, such as housing, power development, flood control, and the like, can be made self-liquidating—at least in part.

No budget is or ever will be balanced unless it includes an adequate appropriation to enable able-bodied unemployed people to work and earn a living and make their contribution to a new and better nation. Economy is right. Thrift is right. But if every unemployed man were put to work at something necessary to the national welfare, we should be practicing better economy and thrift than by letting men go hungry and the country go to waste. Why throw a half-million able-bodied Americans back into the soup lines?

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Hoffman of New Jersey

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

I. How to Become a Governor

The sitdown strike is a symbol of communism which I suppose is all right if you want communism. I don't. The sitdown strike has as its basic principle a deliberate disregard for what we have always regarded as hallowed property rights, and it is inevitably followed by contempt for honorable judicial procedure.—*Statement of the Honorable Harold G. Hoffman, Governor of New Jersey, in a letter to Mrs. Leonard H. Robbins, president of the League of Women Voters of New Jersey.*

IN ADDITION to its diversity of natural scenery, New Jersey has a bewildering variety of social, economic, and political views. Talk with the Manhattan-minded commuters of the northern counties, the industrial workers in the sprawling little towns behind the Palisades, the isolated farmers in the center of the state, the citizens of Camden, a Philadelphia workshop, and you realize how the conflicting interests of these groups divide the state. The bitter years of the depression have served only to intensify the arrogance of the wealthy and the resentment of the under-privileged. The leaders in both camps have now come out into the open with their challenges. John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization appeal to the hard-driven workers to form mass unions against the solid front of Jersey bosses. The bosses fling back the challenge through their dependable spokesman Harold Giles Hoffman, who threatens to use "the entire resources of the state" against the C. I. O.

About the first of this year the more progressive forces in New Jersey labor began a series of informal meetings looking toward some sort of alliance with the onrushing forces of the C. I. O. Governor Hoffman paid little attention to them. He had troubles of his own with a legislature in which the lower house was Democratic and in which political enemies of his own party—Senator Lester Clee, for example—were playing important roles. He had too the amazing sequel to the Bruno Hauptmann case, the trials of the kidnappers of Paul Wendel, to worry about. Then one day he came upon a circular which was being distributed among workers in the wire and steel works at Trenton, headed "The President Wants You to Join." The circular described the functions of the National Labor Relations Board and said that the workers at General Electric had joined the United Electrical and Radio Workers, a C. I. O. affiliate. Hoffman promptly blew up and issued his now famous statement on labor organizations. Among other things he said: "A labor union has no more right to take possession of a factory than a band of gangsters has to take possession of a bank. . . . The avoidance of bloodshed is of course desirable but not at the expense of surrender to, or compromise with, or toleration of those guilty of such criminal acts." Front-page appearances of this statement were enough to weld the loosely held forces of a number of diversified unions into the North Jersey Council for Industrial Organization. Thanks to Hoffman's fist-shaking the C. I. O. had definitely arrived in Jersey.

The head of the council is hard-working Julius Emspak of the United Electrical and Radio Workers' Union. He was born in Schenectady, New York, thirty-two years ago, when the Socialists were strong in that city. Between jobs as a tool-maker he studied at Union College and Brown University and received an A. B. degree. The other officers are also in their early thirties. The vice-chairman is Murray Baron, an experienced organizer among the leather workers; the secretary is John Marchiando of the United Rubber Workers. This new generation of Jersey laborites has none of the defeatist psychology of the veterans of the Paterson and Passaic strikes.

As soon as the council opened its Newark headquarters, in poured representatives of steel, automobile, and textile workers, of workers in the oil refineries and the utilities, of the rubber workers. Craft unionists came too, agreeing to pool their forces with the C. I. O. Vincent J. Murphy, secretary of the New Jersey Federation of Labor, said of Hoffman's warning: "A statement of this kind from any official in high public office must be construed as an attack upon all efforts to organize labor. We in New Jersey have always struggled to organize workers, and we are not going to be divided by any issue of this kind." The more Hoffman fulminated against the C. I. O. before Rotary clubs and over the radio, the more membership cards were signed, until finally it was suggested that the Governor be sent a testimonial from the council for his help in organization.

I first heard Harold Hoffman's name mentioned as a potential gubernatorial candidate five years ago on a mechanized farm near Princeton. A group of us representing utility consumers, on a trip to the legislature at Trenton, had stopped off to watch a herd of cows being milked by electricity. The cows came from their stables down a runway into a streamlined building, in the center of which was a huge revolving platform. As each cow emerged from the runway, she stepped briskly on the platform, thrust her head under a yoke, and was washed down and milked. And all was done with such amazing speed and efficiency that by the time the platform had swung the full circle, she was ready to depart through the exit runway, with her milk swishing in glass containers above her docile head.

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It must have been the sight of these robotized animals, the rapidity with which the milk was extracted from their patient udders, that reminded us of the status of the average New Jersey voter, for presently we were all talking state politics. One of the party then said that he and other Young Republicans—official title for the left wing of the G. O. P.—were working for the nomination of Harold Hoffman, at that time a member of Congress and Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey. Hoffman, he said, would make a swell governor. He was young and energetic and had a fine war record. He had served the state well on the Military Affairs Committee of the House and was popular in the Motor Vehicle office. As New Jersey was then governed by the Honorable A. Harry Moore, Jersey City Democrat, with whom we had had dealings, we murmured politely that any change might be acceptable and let the matter drop. It seemed hardly possible that Frank Hague, boss of Jersey City, with his solid Democratic phalanxes in populous Hudson County, would let the governorship fall into the hands of the Republicans. We reckoned, however, without our Hoffman.

The square-rigged "Boy Captain," as he likes to be called, had, it seemed, an exceptionally pliable springboard from which to make his sensational leap into the governor's chair. With the possible exception of Michigan, New Jersey is the most auto-conscious of our states. The chief topic of conversation wherever Jerseymen gather is the motor vehicle. Moreover, one of the important industries of the Garden State is its highway business—road-houses, filling stations, dog-stands, clameries. On every concrete route that traverses Jersey, light-blue-coated state troopers whizz down upon the luckless drivers of cars carrying foreign license plates. At the center of all this automotive activity is the Trenton office of the Motor Vehicle Commissioner. There the largest department of the state government, with its agents in every community, handles more than $30,000,000 of public funds a year. And there Harold Hoffman found the lubrication for his political machine.

The happy official family at the Commissioner's office was often cheered by lunch and stag parties at which celebrities from radio and screen would entertain, donating their services, so they said, through sheer admiration for the colorful personality of the Boy Captain. There was a great deal of hand-pumping and back-slapping and singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." Beaming, the chief would rise amid the cigar smoke to congratulate his loyal subalterns on the fine jobs they did. Before long he was in demand as speaker before Lions, Moose, Elks, and other fraternal organizations. Four or five nights a week, throughout New Jersey and neighboring states, the voice of Hoffman could be heard enunciating the principles of stalwart Republicanism, with just enough youthful enthusiasm to persuade the Old Guard that here was the long-sought-for new leader who could rally the shaken forces of the state's G. O. P.

Quietly such Republican wheel-horses as Bernard L. Lamb, E. Donald Sterner, and George C. Warren, all of whom now have their rewards in the shape of state jobs, were building up Hoffman for Governor. Lamb got 3,000 signatures of influential party members in Bergen County to put the Commissioner's name on the 1934 primary lists. A few hours before the dead line for filing petitions there was a rush of leaders into the Commissioner's office. While the others pressed Hoffman to put up his name, Senator Emerson L. Richards, who thought he had the nomination in the bag, protested loudly that there had been an agreement that if Hoffman were returned as Motor Vehicle Commissioner he would not run for the governorship. Hoffman had been returned. What about that agreement? Grinning happily, Hoffman signed the petition and walked away with the nomination.

Then the Boy Captain began whirlwinding around the state to sell himself to the voters. He had for his opponent his predecessor in the Motor Vehicle office, Judge William Dill of Paterson, who, although an old friend of Frank Hague's, was a man of some principle. Judge Dill, however, was a poor in-fighter and preserved a certain dignified reticence during the campaign, in contrast to the candor with which Hoffman took the voters into the secret places of his heart.

Hoffman's chief campaign document was a pamphlet entitled "New Jersey's Favorite Son." This was a description of the life and activities of Harold Giles Hoffman from his birth in South Amboy on February 7, 1896, to the present. The first chapter was captioned simply A Genius Is Born. It described the birth of the genius in the delighted home of the Superintendent of the Raritan Railroad and his years at the public schools of his birthplace, until at the age of fourteen Harold became a "journalist." In this capacity he contributed neighborhood items to the Perth Amboy *Evening News*.

At the outbreak of the war, the pamphlet went on, the young man enlisted as a private in the Third New Jersey Infantry, went overseas with the Twenty-ninth Division, and after a rapid rise through the ranks was made a captain of the Headquarters Company of the 114th Infantry. Returning from the war, he was at once elected secretary-treasurer of the South Amboy Trust Company. Nowadays he refers to himself either as a journalist or as "a small-town banker."

Public life soon claimed him, and he left the bank to be elected a member of the state legislature and then mayor of his native town. Under the heading A Fighter Aroused, there is the story of how Hoffman fought the municipal water works in South Amboy. Then he became secretary to Governor Morgan F. Larson, was sent twice to Congress, and while still a Congressman, was made Motor Vehicle Commissioner.

The most engaging part of the pamphlet was a description of the candidate's home life. Under the heading The Happy Hoffman Family, voters in all parts of the state read about the "three charming little daughters in the Hoffman household." Their names, ages, and talents were dwelt upon in fond phrases. The section ended with the following tribute to Mrs. Hoffman: "Commissioner Hoffman doesn't think much of his wife's bridge but he is proud of her culinary accomplishments, and he

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is happiest, it is said, when he brings home friends, usually unannounced, to sample some of Mrs. Hoffman's famous dishes, with 'no speeches.' "

Against the sweetness and light of such publicity and the robustiousness of the Commissioner's campaigning, the dignified Dill, sticking closely to the Democratic platform, could make little headway. He had to trust to the popularity of Roosevelt and the efforts of Hague to elect him. And he trusted in vain. For while Governor Moore was elected United States Senator by a plurality of 231,488 votes on the Democratic ticket, Dill was defeated by Hoffman by a vote of 12,344. It was close running, but the Republican papers the country over rejoiced in this rare victory, and Hoffman's name was on G. O. P. lips as likely Presidential timber.

[*Part II of this article will be printed next week.*]

Harvard Starves the Social Sciences

BY ROBERT KEEN LAMB

ONCE more Harvard has fumbled the ball. Once more the university, in its dismissal of two liberal economics instructors, has exasperated its friends and delighted its critics by a clumsy substitution of one impracticable subterfuge for another. The ball has been passed from Economics Department to dean to president and back again in an effort to minimize the potential value to the university of its two most popular economics teachers, the only men in the department who have publicly shown sympathy for the labor movement. For once, the real reason for the university's awkwardness in its public relations is clear even to those on the outside. Harvard is trying to conceal from itself as well as from the public the disturbing fact that it is refusing the social sciences a chance to develop.

The responsibility falls first on President Conant. It is an open secret that he is not sympathetic with the social sciences in the university and is out of patience with the self-appointed advisers who have undertaken to steer him through the intricacies of current opinion in the field. He has recently deplored in public the tendency of the undergraduates to demand instruction in the social sciences instead of in philosophy and the classics.

The irony of this situation is likely to escape all but the most cynical. Harvard chooses an outstanding young scientist as its president, and the forward elements in American life acclaim him. Almost at once he sets about the task of immunizing the rest of the university against the dangerous students of society in their midst. In the sciences he is at home, and feels himself competent to form a judgment; in the arts he is resigned to taking advice from those who are acknowledged pundits. It is only in the social sciences that he faces a dilemma. His confusion as a scientist confronting a pseudo-science is increased by his newly acquired tenderness as the responsible head of one of the largest capitalist institutions in the country. Harvard nurses an investment of more than $125,000,000. The natural bias of Mr. Conant's fellow-members of the Harvard Corporation is that of five corporation lawyers and a fashionable physician. They regard themselves as "trustees" for the university's benefactors, committed to keeping costs, and therefore wages, down and avoiding "unfavorable" publicity.

Appointing men to fill the posts of permanent tenure in the departments of the social sciences is consequently President Conant's recurrent nightmare. He made an announcement some two years ago which reflected his despair: for an indefinite period of time the budgets in the departments of history, government, economics, and sociology were to be "frozen." For the departments' purposes of instruction and adornment, the present personnel must suffice. Thanks to the rule giving permanent tenure to all of the status of associate professor and above, the overcrowded ranks of older professors cannot be thinned. But promotions must be given to as few men as possible, and retirements for age must be made summarily to free the larger salaries for other university uses. At the very moment when the largest number of Harvard undergraduates on record are demanding instruction in the social sciences, the university is limiting its offerings in these subjects. This is the policy of "the student be damned."

No doubt Harvard's president considers himself a liberal. He has, indeed, signed several verbal blank checks saying, "Here at Harvard we regard it as essential that all sides of the controversies in the social sciences be represented." His checks have come back. He is engaged at this moment in getting rid of the only two members of the social-science departments whose views have aroused the clamor of the vested interests. No others among those enjoying permanent tenure in these departments have caused him any discomfort.

It is as if Harvard had said, "Since truth is attainable only in the narrow field of pure science, and all the rest is opinion, let the university economize on the budgets of the social-science departments, and increase the good-will of those through whose generosity it has grown and flourished." This is the nature of the crisis at Harvard.

As to the need for economizing: Harvard competes with other universities through the prestige of its scholars. Buying scholars outside costs money, just as does buying big-league baseball stars. And the worst of it is that by the time a university discovers that its star hurler of ideas has a glass arm, it has guaranteed him permanency of tenure for the years which remain to him; he will receive full salary until the age of sixty-seven and a pen-

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sion thereafter. Economies, therefore, are most easily attainable in the lower ranks, by the methods well known in industry. The entire time of a young scholar is regarded as "bought and paid for" when the man is hired. Outside activities are looked upon as self-indulgence on company time. The younger teachers live under a special form of "speed-up" and "stretch-out."

To the charge of speed-up Harvard may retort that it is attempting to work out a satisfactory compromise by subsidizing the most promising young scholars and labeling them Junior Fellows, or prizemen; as for the rest, they are drones and must take the consequences. It is precisely in choosing these prize students in the social sciences, however, that the policy breaks down. The Senior Fellows, who choose the Junior Fellows, have been hard put to find criteria of choice in the social sciences, and appointments have been significantly few.

The president of the university has the discernment to realize that in the field of social studies the ordinary criteria of scientific judgment do not prevail and that personal bias affects judgment. Yet, instead of carrying out his promise that all sides shall be represented, he forbids his social-science departments to grow, deprives them of financial nourishment, and leaves them in the hands of scholars who will never grow younger in ideas or years. In fact, it was hardly necessary for the administration to freeze the membership of the Economics Department. It is engaged in freezing itself. The events of the last several years have revealed the capacity of its staff to abandon one liberal cause after another.

This process is made the more inexorable by a Harvard device known as Visiting Committees, appointed by the Board of Overseers to keep an eye on the several departments. Examining only that one which visits the Department of Economics, we find that it is made up of the following: from the board itself, the chairman, Walter Lippmann, and Albert F. Bigelow, a Boston attorney; and from a picked group of alumni, Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank, George F. Baker, Jr., chairman of the board of the First National Bank of New York, Barklie M. Henry, a New York banker, Christian A. Herter, an assistant of Herbert Hoover's when he was Secretary of Commerce, George O. May, of the firm of Price, Waterhouse, leading accountants, Charles M. Storey, a Boston attorney, Richard Whitney, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange (his brother, George Whitney, of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers), and Orrin G. Wood, Boston investment banker of the firm of Estabrook and Company. Small wonder that the entire faculty of the Department of Economics is dedicated to a scholarly refusal to come to conclusions on any and all of the leading questions of modern economic life! Small wonder also that the activities of the two liberal instructors should have seemed unbecoming in men preparing for a "scholarly" career.

These two young liberals, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy, some two years ago felt that the most effective way in which teachers of collegiate rank could further the cause of free speech in Massachusetts, in the face of the new teachers'-oath law, was to organize a union of college teachers. In order to aid the public-school teachers in their fight against political discrimination they believed the union should affiliate with the labor movement, and thus obtain for the teaching profession the solid support of the workers of the commonwealth. In return for this support, which they did not expect college teachers would ever have to invoke, they proposed to lend their interested membership to the labor movement and to develop in the university community a better understanding of the needs of the working classes.

On these terms over 125 members of the teaching and research staffs of Harvard and M. I. T. (the majority from Harvard) were enrolled. The two original founders of the union, being most aware of the problems which led to its organization, were most often in demand when the school teachers and workers of Massachusetts needed help; and the attention of the Harvard authorities was thereby attracted to them. Overnight, the promise of these two young economists, so frequently extolled by their department, was called in question.

An examination of the activities of some of the older members of the Economics Department reveals that activity of a public sort is not in itself held blameworthy, since one member is permitted to hold a high position in the Federal Reserve system while being carried as a full-time member of the faculty, and another has given time to advising the Agricultural Administration. It is open sympathy with labor which seems to be questionable.

Harvard has apparently moved a long way to the right since the days of the Laski *Lampoon*. Laski had to support a textile strike and the strike of the Boston policemen before he came under the ban of the university. And even then he was not dismissed but merely eased out. Now the formation of a teachers' union in the Yard to acquaint the faculty with the problems of the working classes causes the authorities such acute discomfort that the organizers are dismissed. Outstanding young economists, acknowledged—at least privately—to be brilliant teachers and demonstrated by the university's scholarship award to be promising scholars, need also the qualification of discretion if they wish promotion. University presidents, deans, and department chairmen cannot afford sleepless nights if they are to do their best administering. Universities need a continuous flow of funds from benefactors.

The reader will now understand why the dismissal of two liberal economics instructors at Harvard is no mere tempest in a teacup. The incident illuminates the dilemma of the American university. "Our heart's in the right place, but our head is also screwed on tight," seems to be the motto of university presidents in the year 1937. We "feel" liberal, but we act tough toward liberals because we don't see how we can afford to act otherwise.

No one is asking Harvard to take Moscow gold and thumb its nose at the Wall Street bankers who now help administer its finances. But the university is being asked to face, publicly, the full implications of these dismissals and to say whether it is any longer interested in retaining its ancient distinction as a liberal institution.

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It Happened One Night

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

Hollywood, May 10, by Wire

WELL, the impossible has happened. At long last the motion-picture producers have granted the screen actors a closed shop, and Hollywood today has an Equity of its own. Jubilant actors are celebrating in the Hollywood Brown Derby and at the bar, too. It seems impossible when you remember that not so long ago Frank Gillmore came out to Hollywood to get a closed shop and was practically driven out of town. It seemed impossible even as late as four yesterday afternoon. But between four and eight something happened that brought a whole succession of events to a climax. This has been no static canvas. It is a moving picture with more action in it than a Western. As with most motion pictures, too, it is a little difficult to follow the plot. It is hard to tell the hero from the villain. By putting some chronological sequence in it I hope to make it a little clearer to you.

April 4. In New York the producers sign an agreement with the powerful A. F. of L. affiliate, the International Alliance of Stage Theatrical Employees, but the actors' demand for recognition is refused.

Friday, April 30. The Federated Motion Picture Crafts, an association composed mainly of painters, make-up men, and scenic artists, goes out on strike with only one demand—a closed shop. Nobody is excited because only a few studio employees know what the F. M. P. C. is. It turns out to be another A. F. of L. affiliate that is having jurisdictional differences with the I. A. T. S. E. The latter announces that it will not support the strike.

Saturday, May 1. The first bit of excitement. The Screen Actors' Guild is to meet Sunday, and the news comes that the actors may vote to line up with the F. M. P. C. If they do, it looks like a quick victory.

Sunday, May 2. The actors vote for the closed shop, but delay action on lining up with the strikers until the producers have met to consider the Guild demands.

Monday, May 3. The F. M. P. C. pickets are at the gates, but they are quiet and orderly and pressing no one. But the I. A. T. S. E. is issuing what are called "B cards" to men who can take the places of the strikers. In effect, one A. F. of L. group is scabbing the other.

Tuesday, May 4. The actors' representatives meet with the producers. The closed shop is still the bone of contention.

Wednesday, May 5. The Los Angeles Central Labor Council tries for a settlement by which the F. M. P. C. is to go back to work while negotiations are on. The producers are willing to yield on wages and hours, but the F. M. P. C. refuses to negotiate without the guaranty of the closed shop. A telegram from William Green to the strikers points out that the A. F. of L. did not order the strike and consequently the A. F. of L. cannot do anything, though Green promises to look into things. The same day the C. I. O., without asking for any commitments, wires that it will support the strike by picketing theaters showing the films of the nine major studios.

Thursday, May 6. The pickets are beginning to grumble at the actors, feeling that they have been used as a football. But the actors come through with a contribution of $500 to the strike fund, certainly a definite gesture. And Thursday the actors again meet with the producers. My report is that the producers agree to practically all the demands, even going so far as to offer an eighty-to-twenty closed shop. Their argument against the full closed shop is that some twenty-five of the more famous Hollywood stars do not belong to the Guild. Immediately the Guild board goes after these stars. The work, my informant tells me, was amazingly well done: Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, and a score of others who have kept out of Guild activities from the beginning are signed up.

Friday, May 7. On orders from Washington, Edward A. Fitzgerald, the local conciliator for the Department of Labor, moves into the picture as mediator. International President L. P. Lindelof of the Painters' Union wires district councils throughout the United States to picket theaters showing films of the strike-affected studios. Joe Schenck, well liked by the actors, issues a statement virtually promising them all their demands. But William Green is still saying nothing.

Saturday, May 8. In an amazing victory of the rank and file over the executive committee, the Los Angeles Central Labor Council votes support of the F. M. P. C. strike, condemns the I. A. T. S. E. as strike-breakers, and puts the nine strike-beset studios on the unfair list. Aubrey Blair, business agent for the actors, threatens the producers with a strike unless the closed shop is granted before the actors' meeting Sunday night.

Sunday, May 9. And here I've got to go into minutes and hours: *12 noon.* Pickets are in front of all Los Angeles picture theaters. Business is not good. . . . *1 p. m.* Mediator Edward A. Fitzgerald predicts peace in forty-eight hours. He seems to think the producers are disorganized. They could not get enough for a meeting last night. . . . *2 p. m.* A triumphant informant calls me to say that the night meeting will show 100 per cent for the closed shop and the strike. . . . *4 p. m.* The actors' executive board meets. An unhappy informant calls me to say the actors will again grant the producers more time. The best he expects is a sixty-to-forty shop. And here's where something happened. The I. A. T. S. E. suddenly confronted the producers and demanded the closed shop for the actors. Otherwise, no motion-picture projection man would show a picture in any theater in the country. The producers, all but Warners and United Artists, rushed to sign a statement guaranteeing a closed shop. *8 p. m.* The actors meet for their jubilee. . . . *8:45 p. m.* The F. M. P. C. pickets are stunned. Tomorrow, unless an agreement is signed, they go back to their picketing.

Monday, May 10. At eight-thirty victorious actors march through picket lines on their way to the studio. And on those pickets lines are longshoremen, some of whom helped the actors to win their fight for a closed shop by refusing to load ships on which non-Guild members were working.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE attribution of false motives is, I suppose, next to the calling of names to discredit antagonists, the oldest of debating tricks. So I am not surprised to find that the publication called *Soviet Russia Today* has tried to persuade its readers that because I have denounced the last political murders in Moscow I am deliberately playing the game of the Trotskyites. These were the words to which this publication objected:

> I am certain of one thing and that is that if the Japanese and the Germans do carry out their scheme to attack the Soviets in their holy war to make the world safe from bolshevism, Mr. Stalin will not be able to count upon the sympathy and moral aid of a mutitude of liberals whose support he has now done away with by blood and treachery.

It appears that I, "an old liberal . . . honored in the struggle for human freedom in America," have thus "confessed," and that I have thus invited "Hitler and the Japanese generals to attack the Soviet people." This, *Soviet Russia* adds, "is as incredible as the confessions of Piatakov and Radek."

How utterly absurd this all is! I must not tell the truth as I see it, I must not make a plain statement of fact, because if I do I may incite Hitler and the Japanese militarists to attack Russia. Well, this is just the trick so often resorted to by the wicked capitalists, especially in war time. We were told in 1898-1900 that we must not criticize our government in its warring upon the Filipinos because that would arouse the latter to renewed efforts to defeat American aggression and we should thereby become responsible for the deaths of a lot of American soldiers. Similarly during the World War we who opposed German aggression in Belgium and in France were told that we could not also criticize the wrongdoings of the Allies because our words would be reprinted in Berlin and steel the Huns to take more of the Allied trenches. Your Simon-pure defender of the Soviets also tolerates no criticism whatever. We who abhor bloodshed, whether in Germany, in India, in Italy, or in our own country, are guilty of a horrible crime if we dare to insinuate that Stalin the mighty has murdered. That is just as much of a sin as it would be to write an article in Germany questioning that Hitler is God (not Father Divine!) and that his judgments are infallible.

These Communists remind me of some of the ardent admirers of Theodore Roosevelt in the heyday of his popularity. They too took the attitude that he could do no wrong, and if you proved to them that he had been guilty of absolutely unethical acts, they would flatly say, as one prominent man did: "Well, if he was, then that was the right thing to do. He may lie, but it is for the good of the country, and as for me, I would be ready to let him wipe his shoes upon me if he wished." One runs across similar abnegations of judgment in certain followers of Franklin Roosevelt. All of which, of course, makes against reason and sanity, against the solution of problems by calm consideration and detached, unbiased decisions. Instead, we are to call names, attribute false motives, and blacken men's characters.

This last is what has happened to the members of the commission which went to Mexico to hear Leon Trotsky's case against Stalin. Now that may have been a wise move, or it may have been the contrary. But in the ridicule and abuse that has been heaped upon the group headed by John Dewey I find something reminiscent of the storm of denunciation that burst over the pacifists of 1917. The personal vilification that one expects at the hands of Communists is, of course, there. Benjamin Stolberg, a journalist of character and distinction, to whom *The Nation* has been glad to open its columns, becomes in the *Daily Worker,* a man of "unsavory career," a "stool-pigeon journalist and professional Trotskyite." John Dewey is a "tragic dupe of evil forces"—he, the possessor of one of the greatest minds in America. Suzanne La Follette is another unsavory journalist, "a bitter and hysterical opponent of the People's Front in France and Spain as a result of her Trotskyite connection." She is also a puppet of Benjamin Stolberg's. Otto Rühle gets off a little better, but he is the author of a "fantastically distorted life of Karl Marx" (what a horrible crime!) and the father-in-law of a man expelled from the Communist Party. Execution is plainly too good for him; boiling in oil would be preferable.

Now I am neither for Trotsky nor for Stalin. I am interested only in the social and human side of the Russian experiment. When I see that checked if not blasted, when I see the changed attitude in Russia with respect to militarism, marriage, and birth control, when I read of those judicial murders, I am going to express my profound regret at these reactionary happenings whomever it may encourage or discourage. If my motives must be impugned as have been those of the Trotsky Commission in Mexico—I, for one, believe their motives to have been of the best; we should have the truth as to the Russian controversy—all right. I have faced that sort of misrepresentation a few hundred times before this. I am even willing to admit, if it will give *Soviet Russia* any happiness, that I once sought to call upon Trotsky when I, a journalist, was traveling in Turkey. But as he happened to be ill in bed I did not see him and so did not receive the pot of gold which I understand he gives to everyone who enters his presence.

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BROUN'S PAGE

The Boys in the Higher Brackets

THE editorial writers and the paragraphers are having a lot of fun with the strike in Hollywood. At the moment this is written the Screen Actors' Guild has not come to a definite decision, and the newspapers are fond of printing pictures of $300,000 stars and asking what on earth they can possibly be asking for.

But the issue in California is not a trival one, and there is a good deal more to it than meets the unseeing eye. As in the case of the Screen Writers' Guild, there is a great deal of public misconception. Not every scenario writer is showered with gold, and there are actors on the lots who make a very meager living. But wholly apart from the question of salary, it is important for the artists and intellectuals of America to choose their side.

The actors and writers of Hollywood face the same problem which newspapermen have begun to solve. Before organization began, no publisher would have thought of calling a reporter an intellectual or an artist, or even a professional for that matter. These words were chiefly taken down from the shelf to befuddle us. I have never had so many compliments on my early work as a columnist as I have received since I became an officer of the American Newspaper Guild. But the soothing quality of the oil is mitigated by a certain grittiness. I am praised only for what I did in some dim yesterday or might have performed at some future date if I had not become a "walking delegate." Quite recently a famous publicist assured me, "You could have become the greatest humorist in America. That's your last and you should have stuck to it. Of course you've thrown all that over the fence by now on account of going haywire about labor."

That started quite an argument. I took the affirmative side in the debate on, "Resolved, that Heywood Broun never was very funny." In answer to the charge that I used to be good and had since slipped materially, I admitted that it might be true. But I added mildly that out of all the thousands of columns I had written the only ones which anybody seemed to remember were a couple about Sacco and Vanzetti. They were not funny.

But even if the earnest advocate of my blasted potentialities had succeeded in convincing me that I might have stood with Ade, Bugs Baer, and George Sokolsky, I think I would have been a fool not to realize that my self-interest lay in joining up with my fellow-craftsmen in a trade union. Even from a short-range point of view the highly paid "artist" or "intellectual" ought to be able to realize that his house of prosperity is built upon the sand. The very fact that he commands a high salary makes his opportunities of employment limited. He is subject to the whim and caprice of a small group of owners. I can think of a great many columnists, for instance, who quite candidly must say to themselves, "If Mr. X is through with me when this contract is done, where do I go from here?"

And in Hollywood there is at least a tacit black list which may bar some of the most talented writers from their occupation. It is well enough to say that the artist who has something which the public, or some portion of it, wants need never worry about the wolf at the door. That is a good deal less than true, for actors cannot play in vacant lots and newspapermen will not get very far in running off their own stuff on a mimeograph machine. The path to the public is through a bottle neck, and that narrow pass is guarded by a little group of Spartans who are determined to let none go through save those who agree with their philosophy.

Of course a trade-union organization cannot assure jobs to all its members, and still less has it any function to offer some sort of protection to the higher-bracket boys. That is, it cannot do these things in a material way except in the sense that it may offer certain brakes on the way down for the star who slips and stumbles. That half of the slide is extremely slippery, and the overpaid feature writer who says, "What can a union do for me?" may live to rejoice that minima have been established for copy readers and rewrite men through organization.

But I would not have the responsibility of the artist and the intellectual rest wholly on a short-range self-interest, although there are worse motives than that. Any person with a modicum of imagination ought to be able to see his place in the scheme of things entire. If he sees himself as a lone wolf, I feel that his talent must be of a constricted sort.

The screen actor in particular ought to know that while a Warner or a Selznick may sign his weekly pay check, the film magnate is merely a surrogate for the general public. The interests of the star lie in pleasing the mass rather than the man in the counting-room. The player who does his acting for the boss, or the newspaperman whose main objective is to please the editor, will soon find that he has an audience of one and presently an enraptured public of none at all.

I hope that the men and women of Hollywood will throw in their lot with the striking technicians. I cannot think that there has ever existed any genius so great that it entitled a man to scab. I haven't ever had it directly from William Shakespeare, but he seems to have lived in close amity with his fellow-workers in the Globe Theater, and I doubt very much whether he would have gone through a picket line. And if by any chance I am fooled in his commonalty with the members of his craft and he would have been willing to betray them, they might, I think, quite justifiably have boycotted "Hamlet" and hailed the dramatist by a shorter word than bard.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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THE ACTORS AND THE CRITICS

BY MARY McCARTHY

II

THIS past theatrical season of revivals—four productions of Shakespeare, two of Ibsen, one of Marlowe, and one of Wycherley—has been the undoing of the drama critics. When there is a new play on which discussion can center, the critic can parry the whole question of acting with a few kindly meant clichés, or he can simply ignore it, as Joseph Wood Krutch does. When it comes to "Hamlet," though, a reviewer just cannot go on telling the story of the play or discussing what he knows of its literary values. He is obliged to say something about the acting. Robert Benchley tried to beat a bold retreat: he refused to review Leslie Howard's "Hamlet," and he did not mention Nazimova herself in her production of "Hedda Gabler." Such escapism was, however, not generally practiced. With the production of Gielgud's "Hamlet" the critics began to talk about acting, and the result was Babel.

At once it became apparent that there was something fundamentally wrong with the critics' perceptive powers. In order to judge a work of art, in this case an actor's performance, one must first be able to apprehend it. Yet the reviews of the Gielgud "Hamlet" gave the impression that the reviewers had been to see different plays. There was the case of Claudius, already mentioned. He obviously could not be "stuffy" and "good and live" at the same time. Which was he? Whether it is better for the king to be stuffy or good and live is a question which cannot be discussed until the previous question has been answered. In the same fashion, no two reviewers seemed able to agree on what Gielgud himself was playing. He was generally admired, but for the most discrepant and mutually incompatible reasons. One critic found his Hamlet "not passionate but brooding and neurotic"; to another he was all fire, "fiercely laying waste the hearts he had challenged with the flame." One critic considered his thoughtfulness his most distinguished quality; another complained that Hamlet's intellect was hardly suggested. Some critics felt that the poetry sang on his lips; others suspected that he scanted sound for sense. The critics, on the whole, showed great capacity for enthusiasm, but none for observation or descriptive writing.

The arrival of Leslie Howard in his "Hamlet" did nothing to clear these muddled critical heads. They were able to agree that Mr. Howard was not very good, but they differed seriously as to what exactly he was like, and as to how his interpretation of the character differed from Mr. Gielgud's. Theatrical people took the two "Hamlets" more calmly than the critics. They observed that both productions were bad, and for different reasons. John Gielgud distorted "Hamlet," pulled it awry to fit his bizarre, biting, hysterical style of acting; Leslie Howard rearranged a scene or two, but let the structure of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" stand, only to find himself personally inadequate to fill it.

The critical multiplicity of experience was most clearly demonstrated this year at Nazimova's production of "Hedda Gabler." There were three schools of thought as to what Nazimova had been playing. The first was the "cobra" school, which held that Nazimova's Hedda had been "hateful," "unpleasant," a kind of high-class Theda Bara villainess. Here are two samples of this school: "This [Hedda] is the most fascinating, the most plainly depraved, the most wantonly devilish"; and "It is a Hedda stepped in wanton evilness; a Hedda which in spirit at least comes much nearer the requirements of the text than did such a languid Hedda as Miss Le Gallienne's."

Then there was the school which believed that Hedda had been played for comedy. "Anything went last evening that provoked a laugh . . . Mme Nazimova, Harry Ellerbe, and McKay Morris had a gay time of it, creating chuckles where tears are supposed to gush." "Sly, guilty, prettily togged out as this latest Hedda is, I think Nazimova plays her often too coyly, too lightly, too much for light chuckles, and comedy squeals. I miss the sculptured agony the lady used to boast about." The last school had the impression that Hedda had been played "tenderly." There was also a minor disagreement as to whether ". . . there was something happening every other minute" on the stage, "something physical," or whether the play was "slow and pedestrian." Naturally, the critics, divided as to what went on at "Hedda Gabler," were also divided as to its merits.

At Walter Huston's "Othello" there was greater unanimity of perception than was manifested elsewhere this season. To the few persons who saw that production what is surprising is not that the critics understood the obtrusive characterization which Brian Aherne was projecting at them, but that, having become aware of it, they did not recognize its implications and thereupon condemn it. Here was a showy, romantic, and obvious piece of acting, an Iago who was a kind of handsome, leering, swashbuckling Puck, an Iago who kept the audience in stitches throughout the production. Mr. Aherne's Iago was, in a real sense, the mischief maker of the piece, an abominable and impertinent exhibition; yet this performance drew rhapsodies from the critics, who reserved all their blame for the unfortunate Mr. Huston, whose faults were at least merely negative. Alone and unaided

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Mr. Aherne turned Shakespeare's tragedy into a French farce; yet only Mr. Pollock caught a glimpse of the truth when he qualified his approval of Mr. Aherne's acting by saying: "And yet Mr. Aherne seems a rather fancy Iago, an Iago too well schooled, an Iago to win the hearts of the ladies."

Acting is admittedly of all the arts the most difficult to apprehend. The critic studying a piece of acting is really dealing with four things: life, literature, and the musical and pictorial arts—life in the personality of the actor, literature in his role, and music and the pictorial arts in his projection of the role. For a first-rate critic of acting, a knowledge of these four branches of human experience is essential. It is no wonder that first-rate criticism of acting is rare. Yet it has existed, and does exist. In Shaw's "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" there is fine criticism; his comparison of Duse and Bernhardt is a classic of dramatic criticism. In Stanislavsky's "An Actor Prepares," a recent publication, a whole aesthetic of acting is laid out. In England today some passable dramatic criticism is being written. One has only to compare the English reviews of Maurice Evans's performance of "Richard II," at the Old Vic, with the American reviews of the same performance to realize how shockingly backward, how myopic, American criticism is. The American reviewers had the sense to be enthusiastic, but that enthusiasm was expressed, as usual, in a welter of adjectives. What identified Mr. Evans's performance, what set it off from all other interpretations of Richard, was the fact that Mr. Evans was playing, not tragedy, but an actor who is playing tragedy. This was apparent at first glance to the English critics; but only one American critic called attention to it.

The essence of the art of acting, as of any other art, is its design. The critic of acting must understand, first, the actor's role, second, the actor's role in relation to the play as a whole, and, third, the design the actor has chosen to convey his own view of his role. It is impossible to imagine an art critic's having the temerity to pass judgments on painting without a knowledge of composition. Yet the dramatic critic, ignorant even of the existence of theatrical forms and patterns, daily passes judgments on theatrical performances. It is absurd to expect the New York reviewers to write theatrical criticism as good as Shaw's. It is not unreasonable to demand that they write at least as intelligently as their English colleagues, that they display at least as much knowledge of the principles of the medium they confront as their fellows in art, music, and literature. It is not unreasonable for actors to insist that their work receive clear-eyed appraisal, or for audiences to require that a complex art be illuminated for them. The New York dramatic critics today are both frightened and lazy. A season of revivals has revealed their incompetence to deal with acting; it is now their duty to face that incompetence and to remedy it. This late in the life of the American theater the American drama critic must go back to school to learn something of the technique and standards of the profession which gives him his livelihood.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

BOOKS

The Anatomy of Accommodation

LIFE IN A HAITIAN VALLEY. By Melville J. Herskovits. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

PURE culture is as much a fiction as pure race. Diverse strains enter into the making of both. At one extreme, groups may achieve a relative degree of homogeneity, if left sufficiently in isolation. At the other are groups in whose make-up at least the most important strands can still be distinguished with comparative ease; and Haiti is of this type. In such a case the anthropologist may speak of acculturation: the process of conflict and compromise not merely between two words, ideas, values, or customs, but between two cultural traditions, two sets of institutions and practices. It is a study in acculturation, or historical dynamics, as well as a picture of the Haitian native, that we have in Professor Herskovits's book.

Africa is still too remote for the American tourist trade and the tourist-explorer. Haiti has been a convenient substitute. Accordingly we have had foisted on us a popular mythology teeming with zombies, mysterious rites, and voodooism, shot through with sexual and neurotic excess. Actually the Haitian native, as Dr. Herskovits depicts him, is essentially a peasant. His life has, of course, more spectacular features than are found in rustic Scandinavia or the Balkans; modes of West African life have survived in his cultural heritage to an amazing extent.

Dr. Herskovits has shown, in this book and elsewhere, that the majority of the Negro slaves imported into the New World came from West Africa, including the Congo and Angola. African gods are still known by name in Haiti, and still revered. They are, in Haiti also, the top figures of a pantheon whose rank and file are family gods and the spirits of the dead. The fields are worked by cooperative combines, as in West Africa, and the Catholic church has not succeeded in stamping out polygamy. The inventory of material objects, foods, techniques reflects more the European civilization brought in by the French landowners, and the language is Creole, a corruption of French. But much of the substance of what passes in this idiom is African—stories, proverbs, songs. There is also the peculiar type of African verbal sophistication, in descriptions and distinctions far from "primitive": "The song-leader is a journalist, and every song-leader is a Judas." *Pauvres* are those who happen to be poor, *malheureux* those who always will be, since they have no luck. A *gros nègre* is a man endowed with wealth and position; *a grand nègre* one with spiritual, religious power.

In a treatment rich with interesting detail and as readable as it is solid, Dr. Herskovits proceeds from a discussion of the cultural ancestry of the Haitian to a description of his daily life, and ends with an extended account of Haitian religion. His first-hand knowlege of Negro culture in West Africa and South America lends added weight to his detail and cogency to his interpretation. Voodooism, he contends, is part and parcel of the normal behavior of the average person in the region he has studied. It can hardly be termed neurotic, since it is a system of beliefs and practices conventionalized and generally accepted in the community.

Life in a Haitian valley seems to demonstrate how little a society requires the inner logic that an outsider is apt to

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impute to it. Officially, the Haitian is a worshiper in the Catholic church, which demands monogamy of him. Actually, polygamy is common, and people believe in gods and spirits as well as in God and his saints. All of which the church most emphatically does not favor. Dr. Herskovits feels that the result is a psychological conflict, a "socialized ambivalence," to which is due a "living on the nerves," an emotional instability. Yet he shows with convincing detail how much Catholic ceremonial has been incorporated into the rituals and how neatly things have become compartmented. As a devotee told him: "The *loa* [African gods] are not the things of the priest." Throughout the picture there are of course contradictions of logic in the life of the natives. But the main impression seems to be one of accommodation rather than of emotional conflict. The double aspect of clash and compromise threaded through a colorful texture is one of the reasons why this book is bound to prove as interesting and rewarding for the layman as for the anthropologist.

GEORGE HERZOG

The Caliph's Tower

BECKFORD. By Guy Chapman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

"THERE will I build my Tower," William Beckford wrote to Lady Craven in 1790, "and deposit my books and writings and brood over them. . . ." The talented but volatile author of "Vathek" had justification for this melancholy utterance. Though his youth had been blessed by all that great wealth and noble family could offer him in an age rich with diversions, he had spent these last six years in exile and ostracism; and now, at thirty, he was living in a past which at times may have seemed, like his Gothic abbey at Fonthill, quite uninhabitable. His friends and social position fallen away, his wife dead, his English mistress dying, his "amiable child" taken from him, and his book stolen by the sycophantic Henley, Beckford thus begins to build his retreat—his luxurious Tower which, like Vathek's, might carry him away from mankind and bring him closer to the stars.

Mr. Chapman's scholarly examination of this somewhat turbulent career performs a valuable service. The facts about Beckford have been published slowly and with some understandable reluctance. Lewis Melville, the pioneer in this field, chose to omit almost all mention of Beckford's triangular relationship with Louisa Beckford and William Courtenay, which was a dominating influence in Beckford's life and almost certainly the psychological background of "Vathek." The publication of Dr. Oliver's study in 1932 confirmed Paul Elmer More's uneasy speculations about some sort of double or triple passion in Beckford's history; and Mr. Chapman's "Beckford" adds the conclusive details to this story. This study, however, is not the final word on Beckford, principally because it suffers, as do all three of these biographies, from a repletion of documentation with an insufficiency of interpretation. Mr. Chapman does not attempt to explain many aspects of Beckford's motivation, he does not add very much to previous critical appraisals of Beckford's writings, nor does he realize the full significance of Beckford's status in the romantic and symbolist traditions. But he does offer a thorough and intelligent factual account of Beckford's life and, perhaps most important, an illuminating and colorful history of Beckford's friends and associates, of the manners and morals of certain sections of late eighteenth-century society: the English landed aristocracy against whom Beckford rebelled; Geneva with Voltaire, Jean Huber, and Mlle Necker; the Venice of 1780 with Beckford's Contessa Giustiniana d'Orsini-Rosenberg and her Count Benincasa; Paris, on the eve of the revolution, with its mesmerism and *anglomanie*.

And if, despite the tragic elements of Beckford's life, it is difficult to feel much sympathy for him, the fault lies with Beckford as much as with his biographer. Without worldly obligations and without a sense of obligation, surrounded in his expensive "romantic ruin" by his expensive Reynoldses and Romneys, his precious stones, rare books, and Italian musicians, Beckford seems hardly more immediate to us than those "black, yellow, and mezzotint" Jamaican slaves on whom his fortune rests, and perhaps hardly more free. It is as a symbol rather than a person that Beckford will live, for this Eastern potentate, dwelling so luxuriously in the midst of revolutions, sums up one full cycle of the romantic movement: in his youth, the Faustian quest for infinite and strange experience, and in his age, as he refurbishes and even fabricates his accounts of his dead mistresses, foretelling the fate of his symbolist heirs, all the Count Axels, the Des Esseintes. Is it not almost too true that Beckford's famed Gothic tower, for the completion of which James Wyatt transferred some five hundred workmen from the palace of George III, was no more than finished before it toppled into ruins?

MAXWELL GEISMAR

End of a Saga

THE RING IS CLOSED. By Knut Hamsun. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THE publishers hint that this is Knut Hamsun's last novel. If so—as far as ultimate views are concerned—it leaves him looking at the world with much the same bewilderment and indecision voiced in "Hunger" almost half a century ago. Only now his voice seems less shrill, his manner more objective, his bewilderment more impressive, coming, as it does, at a time when a less vigorous mentality might well pose as oracle and sage.

There is no character in his novels less oracular, none more adrift and confused, more restless and rootless, more uncertain of his rightful place in organized society than Abel Brodersen in "The Ring Is Closed." It is as if, through him, the author's own days of far-wandering as longshoreman, coal-trimmer, street-car conductor, and aimless adventurer in half the countries of the world were relived. Thus Abel, when his friends in the little Norwegian coastal town put aside the common adventures of childhood and apprentice themselves to solid trades and solemn professions, ships off around the world. This conventional revolt is the familiar reaction of Hamsun's earlier heroes. The fools, the ne'er-do-wells, the vagrants have always enjoyed his utter sympathy. The irrational impulses of Glahn in "Pan," the irresponsible melancholy of Nagel in "Mysteries," the fantastic delirium of the hero in "Hunger"—all are again represented in part in Abel's uncompromising but confessedly puzzling personality.

If there is any one idea to which Abel holds fast, it is a kind of hazy, romantic belief in the restorative power of nature. As he drifts from port to port, from job to job, from a sawmill in Canada to utter vagrancy in Texas, the single time he finds anything approaching contentment is when he drinks up the sunshine of the tropics and lives completely within the present. This idea of spiritual contentment gained through greater intimacy with nature runs consistently through

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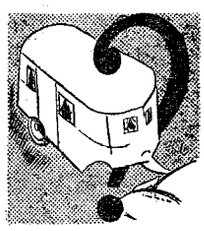

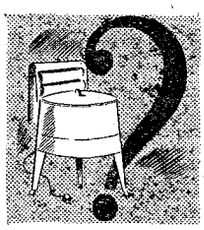

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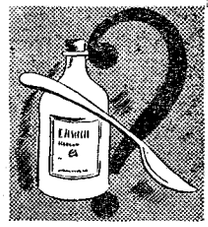

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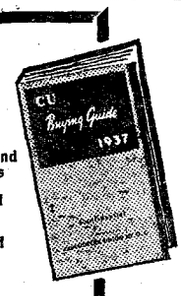

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all of Hamsun's work. It is encountered at its finest force in "Growth of the Soil," in which Isak, the peasant, faces nature with superlative courage and works against elemental forces for a lifetime to emerge into a kind of becalmed, classic tranquillity which the average modern man has no opportunity to find.

In the present work, however, although Abel considers mistily an alliance with nature, he appears to feel a more urgent necessity for adjusting himself to the normal pattern of everyday life. He is torn between a desire to be accepted by the village and a wayward notion to thumb his nose at it. Finally, all his efforts to be conventional are unsuccessful —particularly when he tries to recapture his childhood love for the troll, Olga; and, again, when he tosses away the prized captaincy of the Sparrow. His defense mechanism in the end operates in such a way that he begins to consider his lack of will with pride, almost as a kind of "special faculty" for living as contrasted with all the complex and misdirected striving of the average wage-earner. Consequently he lolls out into the world again, a sardonic vagrant, completely and happily intent upon resuming his waywardness.

As usual, Hamsun's principle of composition gains its effects through an intimate scrutiny of fragments rather than through massive dramatic scenes. Out of the scrappiest details this plotless novel builds to a kind of monumental form that approximates the early Thomas Mann. Yet here the form seems to have in it more of impressive bulk than of genuine content. Actually, with the exception of a rather blurred plea for a dubious brand of waifish individualism, no positive idea emerges from this objective writing. What does emerge are some brilliant portraits of village types—figures that glimmer through the novel with Hamsun's old fire and genius behind them. Yet they are figures written in with such an exceptional disregard for the urgent need for an interpretation of the individual's psychological problem in the light of his general social and economic environment as to make the contemporary reader impatient.

STANLEY YOUNG

"A Chartres of His Own"

BIOGRAPHY OF TRAMAN. By Winfield Townley Scott. Covici-Friede. $2.

THIS book of poems and H. Phelps Putnam's "Trinc," published in 1927, should be compared. Both are studies in the coming of age of intellectual youth; but Phelps Putnam, born in 1894, was one of the "lost generation" and Scott is of the next generation. Putnam's is the older disillusionment which pointed to an escape through drink and mysticism. Scott apparently regards drink only as a means of heightening the emotional and intellectual problems of youth. Further, he definitely rejects religion.

Traman, the protagonist of these lyrics and dramatic monologues, is the type of sensitive, poetic youth today. Other characters take into account the scientific-minded student and the philosopher. Scott's problem is to portray the poetic mind discarding certain beliefs, accepting certain values, attempting self-integration. Naturally he has read—and makes free use of lines resembling theirs—Eliot, Aiken, Joyce, Hopkins, and other poets; these poets are the literature of his imagination. But he does not merely imitate. In general, his imagery is appropriate to the dramatic state of the emotions or mind projected; it is fresh and his own. Traman's is the city world where the "nightingales are dead in Union Square," the world of science and of economic struggle. Here the poet

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indulges his young dreams, examines the nature of his learning and his heredity, and tries to spell from alphabets of stone new poems. His poems, however, remain half of the old world, half of the new, as does he himself.

The "Biography of Traman" is skilfully written. Scott knows his poetic medium. He tends always to dramatize and to objectify all intricate personal emotions. In him is the promise, certainly, of very interesting poetry. He has technique, wit, sensibility, nor is he unaware that the process of poetic integration must be hurried since the world in which he lives is warned of new alarms, new struggles. Here, however, is no propagandist, but a young poet writing down very sensitively and successfully what he knows. He is, as he says, building of his own body and mind "a Chartres of his own."

EDA LOU WALTON

South Texas Primitive

NOON WINE. By Katherine Anne Porter. Schuman's: Detroit. $5.

MISS PORTER'S short stories, in the past, have singularly resisted summation. In the sense that Katherine Mansfield so defined Chekhov's "The Steppe" they have been stories without beginning or end, units of narrative energy in which the author has merely "touched one point with his pen (.————.) and then another point: *inclosed* something which had, as it were, been there forever." "Noon Wine," however—which Schuman's of Detroit, with regrettable frugality, has limited to 250 de luxe copies—is concerned less with "inclosure" than with situation, the integers of which are combined according to a pattern of the author's making and with little or no attempt on her part to set up channels of communication between her private responses and the materials of the story proper. The scene is a small dairy farm in south Texas, which, at the story's opening, escapes financial disaster by a fortunate intuition which prompts the proprietor, Mr. Thompson, to give employment to an immigrant Swede from the wheat belt of North Dakota. We learn little concerning the stranger's identity until the story is well under way: like Mr. Thompson, we are inclined to accept the fact of his "Scandahoovian" origin in explanation of his mysterious reticences and fondness for playing melancholy airs on the mouth organ. Yet events are destined to move almost too rapidly for our comfort. The handyman is discovered to be an escaped homicidal maniac, precipitates a murder and a suicide, and is last seen "running all stooped over through the orchard, running like a man with dogs after him."

Apparently Miss Porter has preferred to approach her theme in terms of the village "primitive" rather than a study in psychopathic regeneration—in terms, that is to say, of violence, pathos, and the terror which attaches itself to large issues resolved by gestures so simple and sudden that they forfeit their ethical contexts. To this end she has distributed her materials in a loose narrative sequence reminiscent of "Maria Concepcion" and invested them with an effect of gangling artlessness, a procedure actually involving the watchful exercise of every skill at her command. One questions, however, whether a sensibility as exquisitely functional as Miss Porter's may cast out pride by a simple act of will, in spite of excellent intentions and the employment of scrupulous intelligence. Miss Porter's simplicities, in the last analysis, are stratagems, and the story's impact, for all its incidental rewards, is muted by its rigors.

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By Alex Mathews Arnett
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LITTLE, BROWN
1837 1937

Dog Eat Dog

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE. By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. $2.

TO LET a rascal tell his own story, all unconscious of his rascality, is one of the more difficult fictional patterns. Difficult, for one thing, because the reader may miss the point. Thackeray, afraid we might not recognize his Barry Lyndon for the wretch he was, slipped a warning and a moral into a footnote: "From these curious confessions it would appear that Mr. Lyndon maltreated his wife in every possible way. . . . But let the reader look around and ask himself, Do not as many rogues succeed in life as honest men?" And so on in the best Thackeray manner. That manner is out of date, and Mr. Weidman leaves his tale unmoralized, thereby running the risk of having Harry Bogen admired as the hero of a success story. For he does achieve a brilliant success according to his desires and standards, and these are unquestionably those of an acquisitive society in some of its jungle reaches. "Two years ago I was just another poor slob from the Bronx," Harry exults at the very end of the book, "and tonight I'm going to sleep with an actress." And this actress was a prize that fell only to the highest bidder.

In those two years covered by the novel Harry began by provoking and then selling out a strike of shipping clerks in the cloak-and-suit industry and ended, for the time being, by pulling off a highly profitable bankruptcy. The narrative—carried forward almost entirely by dialogue that is lively, hard-boiled, and probably richly authentic—is absorbing, although one keeps wishing it weren't, and longing to wipe Harry and the whole garment industry off the map. Harry's amiable side, a little overstressed, comes out in his relationship with his mother, who would, if she could, have saved him for honest *kosher* family life in the Bronx with Ruthie Rivkin. She fails, and even Harry feels a little uneasy and puzzled when she tries to make him see how he has changed: "There used to be a time when you had to come home at night. You said you had to come home and sit by the table and eat blintzes and stretch your legs out and get a rest where nobody is going to jump on you from the back, like you said. You said—I remember even the words—you said you had to come home because here it's not—you said it yourself—here it's not dog eat dog. . . . You're hard now. You don't need a rest any more. Now it's all right by you if it's dog eat dog all the time." Harry shakes his head and wonders what had wound Ma up.

In an interesting note about the writing of the book, which is his first novel, Mr. Weidman says that the boys he grew up with on the lower East Side were a pretty decent bunch. But when he began to run into some of them later in business, they had changed quite a bit—like Harry. "Where had they got that thin-lipped shrewdness?" What had turned them into these sharp little wise guys and made them so positive that they knew what they were doing and were doing it right? So he decided to put one of them down on canvas, and thus discover, perhaps, what it was that he had *learned* in ten years that had proved so much stronger a coloring agent than the things he'd been *taught*—about honesty and success. And his Harry Bogen proved so articulate that Mr. Weidman has enlarged his original plans for a portrait to a mural, of which this book, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," is the first panel.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

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DRAMA

Miss McCarthy and the Critics

IN THIS issue we print the second and last of Mary McCarthy's articles on the New York critics and the art of acting. Like those on book reviewers which she wrote some time ago with Margaret Marshall, they are, in all conscience, slashing enough; and since I myself am referred to in this series as I was in the last, it may be of some interest if I indicate my reaction to what Miss McCarthy has to say about me and my fellows.

From certain of the specific judgments I dissent sharply. I do not, for example, think that Miss Lynn Fontanne has used up her talents, for she still seems to me to give highly satisfactory, sometimes brilliant performances. Neither, though Miss Cornell is not my favorite actress, do I believe that her popularity is full accounted for by Miss McCarthy. But it is not possible to respond with a simple "yes" or "no" to certain of her other opinions, although I do think that her method often tempts one to remark that to set her own opinion against another opinion and then to laugh scornfully does not necessarily prove that she is right.

Nevertheless, I think it true that both I myself and many of my colleagues treat plays more analytically than we do performances, and there are several reasons why this should be true. For one thing the drama of the last generation has been remarkable for the extent to which it has introduced novel subject matter and points of view which invited elaborate discussion. At the same time it was also true that acting—at least if we believe the old-timers—was rather less distinguished than it had formerly been, and there was, therefore, good reason for concentrating on the plays: they were simply more interesting. For another thing, as Miss McCarthy herself mentions, it was difficult for a critic to learn much about acting, since he only very rarely had an opportunity to see a part acted by more than one person. The result was that, having no basis for comparison, we found it difficult to know whether or not a given actor was getting out of a part all that it was possible to get. Where artistic creation is concerned, one cannot, after all, tell what the possibilities of any situation are until they have been exploited by some artist. The overworked adjective "adequate" may not convey very much, but perhaps it often conveyed all we could be expected to know—namely, that the actor in question realized the obvious possibilities of the part. Whether or not genius might be able to discover more is a question not to be answered until genius has tried.

If the increased popularity of revivals noticed during this season is really the beginning of a new interest in the reinterpretation of standard plays, then perhaps we shall learn more about acting and have more to say. The fact will, however, still remain that the critic on a daily or a weekly paper writes for the average playgoer rather than for the actor or the student of acting, and the average playgoer will probably continue to be more interested in the total effect of a production than in technical analysis of the extent to which the actor and the author have contributed to it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[Next week, "Neutrality for the United States," by Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage, will be reviewed by Stephen Raushenbush.]

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

by C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School — Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch. M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England.

Illustrations by Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S. —Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital.

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The Satisfaction of Normal Sexual Appetite
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RECORDS

THE vagaries in the handling of subscription releases continue. H. M. V.'s Bach Society, which was formed to record for subscribers the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, has reached its fourth volume; and without issuing the earlier volumes Victor offers this one under its own label. There are seven records ($14), on which Preludes and Fugues 11 to 19 of Book II are played by Edwin Fischer. Bach, in some instances, proceeded by setting problems, conditions, and limitations for the exercise of his technical skill; and it is to this procedure that we owe the sonatas for solo violin and for solo 'cello, the Art of Fugue, the Well-Tempered Clavichord. In this last work, as in the others, the results are sometimes only interesting or impressive as demonstrations of the technical skill, and sometimes they are, in addition, as profoundly moving as anything Bach wrote; and both categories are represented in the fourth volume of the Bach Society. Fischer's performances are excellent in conception, style, feeling; but often the playing is blurred and occasionally things are not heard at all, either because he did not play them clearly, or they were not recorded clearly, or the pressing is poor. I mention this last possibility because the surface noise is unusually great; and it may be true only of some pressings.

Victor also has issued Bach's Italian Concerto in a performance on the harpsichord by Wanda Landowska (two records, $4). This version is more exciting than Musicraft's recording of Ralph Kirkpatrick's performance: for one thing, in its sheer magnificence of sound, which is accounted for by the fact that Landowska uses a deeper-toned and more resonant harpsichord (of modern manufacture, I believe), and the fact that this difference is emphasized by the higher volume level of the recording; and for another thing, in the dynamic quality of Landowska's style of performance. It is, however, a style that at times, in the first and third movements, strikes me as exaggeratedly and theatrically dynamic; and it tortures the beautiful slow movement in a way that I dislike intensely. The Kirkpatrick version may be pallid by comparison; but its sound of the harpsichord seems to me the more authentic, and its performance of the second movement I find ideal.

On two records ($4) Victor has issued a Mass for the Dead, sung by the Choral Society of the University of Pennsylvania under the direction of Dr. Harl McDonald. The accompanying notes explain that this is one of the works from the library of the school of music in the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, Catalonia, that became available to the world only with the revolution of 1931. We hear it now sung by a mixed chorus, and somewhat altered by this change in vocal color and by the necessary redistribution of parts from what it sounded like originally, when it was sung by a chorus of men and boys in a church, somewhere around 1600. But what we hear is a very beautiful piece of music.

I have found B. C. N. needles excellent for the old Decca records that I discussed a few weeks ago. They reduce the noise; which improves the quality of the music, and permits one to step up the volume if necessary. And they do not lose any of the music, because what they would lose on the new records is not recorded on these old ones.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editor

Collective Action by Secret Diplomacy

Dear Sirs: To those who are urging the participation of the American government in collective action, may I express my suspicion that it is already a participant in collective action—with the British Foreign Office and the American hierarchy of the Roman church. I for one can find no other explanation of its failure to extend to the recognized government of Spain the rights guaranteed by international law to all recognized governments, or of its failure to register an indignant protest against the massacre of Spanish civilians, women, and children by mercenary invaders.

The great disadvantage that all peace lovers work under is their utter ignorance of the diplomatic machinations of the government. To bring these machinations into the light is the great task peace lovers should set themselves. Only after popular control of our diplomatic service is assured, will it be safe to urge collective action. FRANK D. SLOCUM

New York, May 3

Edward Page Gaston Holds Back the Revolution

Dear Sirs: Yesterday by chance there fell into my hands a letter that was written to a young "captain" in the R. O. T. C. in our local high school. I send a copy herewith. It deserves to be given wide publicity for the benefit of those who think "it can't happen here."

MAUDE C. LOWER

Phoenix, Ariz., May 4

PATRIOT GUARD OF AMERICA

Dear Captain: Will you help us to fight communism? As I am a member of a leading military-reserve organization, I appeal for your help as a reservist for our Patriot Guard. We actively fight the communism now sweeping the United States through illegal labor disturbances and other destructive actions.

As President-emeritus Lowell of Harvard said recently, "Armed insurrection—defiance of law, order, and duly elected authority—is spreading like wildfire." Three million Communists and their sympathizers are estimated to be now operating here. Communist-labor and other demagogues, with gangs of terrorists and racketeers, are rapidly getting a stranglehold upon us.

Our loyal citizens are weak because unorganized. Our enemies are strong because organized. They are driving straight for their ultimate objective—seizing the government by force if necessary. A paralyzing national strike and revolution are inevitable if this continues. I went through the Moscow-financed general strike in England in 1926, when my family had a part in breaking down that short-lived revolutionary effort.

Our Patriot Guard is a staunch friend of genuine workers and legitimate labor unions. It stands for a square deal between capital and labor, with compulsory settlement of all industrial disputes by conciliation and arbitration. A Congressional bill is in preparation prohibiting all strikes and lockouts hereafter. We aim to outlaw the Communist Party and other disloyalties by forcing through the necessary federal legislation.

We ask your help as a reservist by filling in the enlistment blank inclosed. Would you consider accepting command of the Patriot Guard in your district; or can you suggest someone? A roster of our officials will be ready shortly, but the personnel of the Patriot Guard is confidential, aside from myself, for obvious reasons. Dun-Bradstreet and other Washington agencies have my personal statement on file. If you are outside Washington, and have a representative here, I would be pleased to show official documents, etc.

Please read this letter at your next reserve chapter or other meeting, and report with names of other enlisters; also please secure notice of the general movement in the press, if possible.

Yours for a fighting patriotism,

EDWARD PAGE GASTON, (Captain, Reserve)
National Commander, Patriot Guard

Washington, April 6

Not Interested in the C.M.T.C.

Dear Sirs: May I answer in your pages a recent form letter which I, a high-school principal, received from Major John H. Rodman, C. M. T. C. Officer, Fort Omaha, Nebraska?

My dear Major Rodman: You write that "for the first time in several years it has become necessary to recruit intensively for the Citizens' Military Training Camps." Frankly, that is delightful news. I only hope this condition is general throughout the country. I have been inclined to be skeptical over our youth peace movements; I had feared that when the war drums beat again, our youngsters would succumb to the propaganda of pseudo-patriotism. But your letter gives me new hope. Did you notice by the way that only a few days after your letter went out some 1,000,000 college students joined in a protest against war and militarism?

You say that some years ago high-school principals were requested to furnish your office with names and addresses of young men eligible for the training camps. I just can't recall the incident. If I did receive such a request I must have pitched it into the basket—as most principals will pitch this one.

I note that "the minimum age limit is seventeen years *by the end of the calendar year.*" That really means sixteen years, doesn't it, though your way of stating it sounds better. But don't you think that, however you state it, it's a rather tender age at which to begin administering military instruction?

In conclusion, I wish formally to decline to act as one of your recruiting officers, even in an unofficial capacity. And I don't think the children would be interested in your C. M. T. C. literature.

BRYAN FULKS

Hot Springs, Ark., May 5

Write Your Congressmen!

Dear Sirs: H. J. Resolution 260, introduced in the House by Representative John E. Rankin, and a similar measure introduced in the Senate by Senator George W. Norris, provide for an investigation of the recent activities of the private power companies in fighting municipal ownership and public projects and blocking the expansion and improvement of such undertakings. The investigation is to be made by the Federal Trade Commission and an appropriation of $150,000 is to be provided. The bill has been approved by the Bureau of the Budget and will have hearings before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce within a few weeks.

It is extremely important that this measure should carry. Some of the recent methods of the power companies have been more ingenious, subtle, and desperate than ever. In preparation for the hearings Congressman Rankin has asked us to get for him all possible statements of facts, affidavits, and so forth, bearing upon this subject. Please send them as promptly as possible to Congressman John E. Rankin, House Office Building, Washington, D. C. Write your Congressman and Senators urging them to support the measures.

CARL D. THOMPSON, Director,
Public Ownership
Chicago, April 27 League of America

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Repealing Repression

Dear Sir: Thank you for your editorial in your May 1 issue on the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Herndon case. Your comment, "Let the states look to their laws—especially those which tamper with the Bill of Rights—and they will save themselves both good money and bad publicity," is especially to the point.

There is a nation-wide movement for the repeal of all state laws against insurrection, criminal syndicalism, etc. The International Labor Defense took the case of Dirk de Jonge, charged in Oregon with criminal syndicalism, to the United States Supreme Court and won it. The decision in that case did not, however, invalidate the law. Immediately after this victory, therefore, the I. L. D. undertook a campaign for the law's repeal in Oregon, had a repeal measure introduced, and secured its passage. In the neighboring state of Washington, at the same time, the Commonwealth Federation, encouraged by the victory in the De Jong case, initiated a similiar legislative campaign and won. In California, where eight persons are in prison or on parole under sentences on criminal-syndicalism charges, favorable legislative action is a not remote possibility.

A repeal bill was defeated in Montana, but the fight will break into the open again when the legislature reconvenes. Repeal bills have been introduced in Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan, and Illinois. As soon as the Herndon decision was known, the Illinois Senate Judiciary Committee hastily wrote a favorable report on the criminal-syndicalism repealer bill which the I. L. D. had had introduced.

LOUIS COLMAN
International Labor Defense
New York, May 3

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE SELDES, a journalist of many years' experience abroad, has just returned from three months in Spain as correspondent of the New York *Post*.

MAURY MAVERICK of Texas and JERRY VOORHIS of California are both members of the progressive bloc in Congress.

McALISTER COLEMAN is head of the Information Bureau of the Utility Users' League of New Jersey.

ROBERT KEEN LAMB, now on the economics faculty of Williams College, resigned last year as instructor in economics at Harvard, where he worked in close cooperation with Drs. Sweezy and Walsh. At one time he served as the university's director of publicity.

MORRIE RYSKIND, playwright, humorist, and M-G-M scenarist, is *The Nation's* Hollywood correspondent.

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